

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series
Volume XXV. {

No. 3155—Dec. 24, 1904.

{ From Beginning
Vol. CXXLIII.

CONTENTS.

I. The Peasant Caste in Russia. By P. Vinogradoff	INDEPENDENT REVIEW	769
II. In the Throes of Composition. By Michael MacDonagh	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	776
III. The Religion of the Respectable Poor. By M. Loane, Superintendent of District Nurses	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	791
IV. "Madam": A Lady of the Moorland. By Mary J. H. Skrine	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	796
V. Life's Little Difficulties. The Doctor's Visit.	PUNCH	807
VI. Woman in Chinese Literature. By Herbert A. Giles	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	810
VII. Lychgate Hall: A Romance. Chapter XXVIII. The Plume of Seven Feathers. By M. E. Francis (To be Concluded).	LONDON TIMES	820
VIII. A Song of Winter. By Mark Hyam	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	832
IX. Night in the Valley, By Arthur Symonds	SATURDAY REVIEW	832
X. War. By C. W. Brodribb	SPECTATOR	832
XI. For A Grave. By Renweld Rodd		832
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		827

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,
13 1-2 Bromfield St., Boston.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy, or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE CRITIC FOR 1905

THE CRITIC for 1905 will be more interesting, more enterprising than ever. Material has been arranged for that it is now too early to mention, but from the announcements of the serials and papers that can be made at this time, the reader will see that not only is there no falling off in excellence, but that there is a decided advancement in the interest, and also a greater variety in matter than ever before.

TALKS WITH TENNYSON

A series of three papers by Miss ELIZABETH R. CHAPMAN, whose conversations with England's most famous poet-laureate it is believed will be pronounced among the most interesting ever recorded. In Miss CHAPMAN, Tennyson found an unusually intelligent and sympathetic listener, and he talked to her most freely about himself and his contemporaries.

NEW ENGLAND RECOLLECTIONS

F. B. SANBORN, one of the last of the famous Concord group of poets and philosophers, has prepared a series of articles for THE CRITIC. The first to be printed will be on Ellery Channing and His Table-Talk, and this will be followed by the Story of Gerrit Smith and John Brown. Mr. SANBORN's personal relations with the great men of New England, and the fact that all of his knowledge is at first hand, makes these papers exceptionally valuable.

CHOPIN INTIME

Unpublished letters from the great composer to a friend and fellow musician, translated from the French and edited by GRACE CORNEAU (the Marquise de St. Maurice).

THE CRITIC FOR 1905

AMERICAN CITIES IN LITERATURE

A series of profusely illustrated papers on the literary aspects of certain American cities. These articles are not absolutely alike in character, but they are of the same general trend

Philadelphia: ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON.

New Orleans: W. S. HARWOOD.

Chicago: ISABEL MACDOUGAL.

AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE CARICATURED

A series of illustrated papers on social life in the United States within the past quarter of a century, as told in the caricatures of the day. These articles are written by FRANK WEITENKAMPF, head of the print department of the Astor Library.

SOCIAL ENGLAND

A series of papers on Social Conditions in England, ranging in subject from the costermonger life of White-chapel to the lords and ladies of Mayfair. These papers, because of their intimate revelations, will be published anonymously, and will be begun early in the new year. It may be said, however, that their author is a writer well-known on both sides of the Atlantic.

ITALIAN SKETCHES

Two papers, sketches of Italian travel, will be contributed by ARTHUR COLTON, author of "Port Argent." These are not sketches of travel in the ordinary sense. "The Villa of Jove" and "The Cornice Road" are merely the backgrounds against which Mr. COLTON paints his pictures.

THE CRITIC FOR 1905

WOMEN'S CLOTHES IN MEN'S BOOKS

Miss Myrtle Reed, the author of "The Love Letters of a Musician," "The Master's Violin," and other stories which are exceptionally popular, will contribute articles of a more or less humorous nature. The title of the first of these is "Women's Clothes in Men's Books," and is more or less an indication of their general character.

LITERARY ESSAYS

H. W. Boynton, whose clever essays in *The Critic* and the *Atlantic Monthly* have gained for him a large audience of interested readers, will contribute from time to time essays of a literary nature. The first one for the new year has the suggestive title, "Personal."

Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary, whose books on Emerson, Rossetti, and Morris are so well-known and highly appreciated, will contribute essays of a literary character to *The Critic's* pages.

A series of brilliant essays from the pen of the English essayist, Francis Grierson, has also been arranged for.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

There will be other articles in lighter vein than that of criticism or the usual essay. These will be contributed by Bailey Maillard, Edith Dickson, Michael White, Frances Duncan, Wardon Allan Curtis, Anne Warner, the creator of "Susan Clegg," Carolyn Wells, and Charlotte Harwood.

The serial, "Our Best Society," which has piqued curiosity on both sides of the ocean, will be continued into the new year, as will the literary papers by the late Laurence Hutton.

THE CRITIC

"The foremost literary magazine." — *New York Times*.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER, Editor

25 cents a copy

\$2.00 a year

We could fill many pages in describing *The Critic*, without giving as clear an idea of the magazine's purpose and value as could be secured from the examination of a single copy. We prefer, therefore, to let the magazine speak for itself, and shall be pleased to send a specimen copy to any reader of the *Living Age*.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

JOHN HAY

"I am very grateful for the many happy and edifying hours I have passed in the company of *THE CRITIC*."

GROVER CLEVELAND

"I know of but few friends that have given me more pleasure and satisfaction."

DR. W. J. ROLFE

"*THE CRITIC* has done much for me as a literary guide, counsellor and friend."

DR. W. S. RAINSFORD

"I have read *THE CRITIC* for many years to my constant advantage and pleasure."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

"No other magazine of its kind can take its place."

The Critic is published for the Critic Company by

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

27 & 29 W. 23d St., New York City

L. A.

**The
Critic Co.**

27 W. 23d Street
New York City

Please send me sample
copy of *The Critic*

Name.....

Street.....

City & State.....

A History of Science

BY

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, B.Sc., M.D., LL.D.

Author of "The Story of Nineteenth Century Science," "The History of the Art of Writing," Editor of "The Historian's History of the World," etc., etc.

IN FIVE VOLUMES

Profusely Illustrated with Portraits of Famous Scientists, Diagrams, Facsimiles, Pictures, etc.

A history of science is the story of the origin and development of scientific thought, discovery, and invention from the earliest times to the present day. It traces the growth of ideas from the first vague dreamings of pre-historic man down to the precise inductions of the twentieth-century scientist in his laboratory. From this view-point the story of human progress presents the most wonderful and interesting spectacle—a chapter of man's history that has never before been written in its entirety.

The work is scientifically accurate in statement and yet devoid of all technicalities throughout. It will fascinate the general reader while commanding the respect of the most critical of students. There is no straining after the spectacular or picturesque at the expense of truth, yet so fascinating is the story in itself, so wide the opportunity for the play of the scientific imagination, that the narrative has all the charm, attraction, and compelling power of romance.



HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D., LL.D.

CONTENTS

- Vol. I. The Beginnings of Science.
- Vol. II. The Rise of Modern Science.
- Vol. III. Modern (18th, 19th, 20th centuries) Progress of the Physical Sciences.
- Vol. IV. Modern (18th, 19th, 20th centuries) Progress of the Biological Sciences.
- Vol. V. Aspects of Twentieth Century Science.

OUR OFFER

On receipt of One Dollar we will send you the entire set of five beautiful volumes. If you do not like the books when they reach you, send them back at our expense and we will return the \$1.00. If you do like them, send us \$2.00 a month for nine months. On receipt of your request for these books we will enter your name as a subscriber for one year, without additional cost to you, to either HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. In writing, state which periodical you want.

On receipt of the attached coupon we will send you free an illustrated booklet describing this unique work.

CUT OFF AND MAIL TO US

"L A"

HARPER BROTHERS, New York

Please send me free of charge your illustrated booklet describing A HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

Name

Address

HARPER & BROTHERS Publishers New York

BOOKS of IMPORTANCE

The Sunday Evening Problem

Seven sorts of successful Sunday evening services. A book for the times and the churches. Suggestive solutions of the *Main Question*, how to reach the unchurched. By **Rev. James L. Hill, D.D.**, one of the founders and a trustee from the beginning of the Christian Endeavor Society. 12mo. 224 pages. Cloth, \$1.00.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., President of the Christian Endeavor Society, writes: "I regard Dr. Hill's book as a very valuable contribution to this important and often burning theme." **Rev. Charles M. Sheldon**, author of "In His Steps," writes: "I take pleasure in commending it as a useful and encouraging work for pastors generally."

Curiosities of the Bible

By a New York Sunday-school Superintendent, with an introduction by **Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D.**, pertaining to Scripture, Persons, Places and Things, including Prize Questions and Answers, Bible Studies and Readings, Concert Exercises, Blackboard Outlines, Object Lessons and Chalk Talks, Seed Thoughts Illustrated, Scripture Enigmas, Acrostics and Anagrams, etc. This collection of treasures, new and old, is the grand summary of a large experience in devising methods and incentives to interest children and those of older growth in Bible study. It contains 10,000 questions or exercises, with **key**. New and Enlarged Edition. One Crown Quarto Vol. 610 pages. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.00.

Thoughts for the Occasion

Every public speaker is glad to have another speak first that he may use his suggestions in shaping his own thoughts. These volumes with their appropriate sayings enable one always to hear the first speaker before going to the meeting. **Vol. I. Patriotic and Secular.** 12mo, 576 pages. \$1.75. **Vol. II. Anniversary and Religious.** 12mo, 516 pages. \$1.75. **Vol. III. Fraternal and Benevolent.** 12mo, 540 pages. \$2.00. **Vol. IV. Makers of the American Republic.** 12mo., 528 pages. \$2.00. **Vol. V. Dictionary of Living Thoughts.** 12mo, 460 pages. \$2.00.

Life of Jesus the Christ

By **Rev. Henry Ward Beecher**. The concentration of Mr. Beecher's vigorous intellect upon his labor during the later years of his life produced a ripe and well-matured composition, scholarly enough to attract scholars, free from controversial temper, fresh, instructive and attractive to readers of every class—not a sectarian plea, but a Christian book. The work has been pronounced by the very highest authority to be "the book which the masses of the Christian world have been waiting for." Complete in one volume. 8vo, 752 pages. Cloth, \$2.00.

Famous Men of the Old Testament

A Series of Seventeen Lectures. By **Rev. M. B. Wharton, D.D.**

"Here we have biography, history and biblical interpretation. They are inextricably interwoven. The narrative of Bible men's lives makes the most fascinating reading. To know them is to know the story of Bible times, and much of Bible teachings. The author is a masterful preacher, and under his handling the men are made to stand out clearly and grandly."—*Michigan Christian Advocate, Detroit.* 12mo, 394 pages. Cloth, \$1.50.

Famous Women of Sacred Story

The Old and New Testament. Two volumes; each a Series of Sixteen Lectures. By **Rev. M. B. Wharton, D.D.**

"As woman appears in her finest light in sacred history, the aim of the lectures is to point wise lessons for the wives and mothers of the nineteenth century from the good, the beautiful, the frail and the infamous as portrayed in the Scriptures. The author's style is clear and graceful and the book will find many interested readers."—*The Presbyterian.* Illustrated. 12mo, 318 and 340 pages. Cloth, each, \$1.50.

Books sent prepaid

Circulars upon request

E. B. TREAT & COMPANY
241-243 West Twenty-third Street, New York



HOTEL EMPIRE

Broadway and Sixty-third Street
NEW YORK CITY

Over \$250,000 in Improvements just completed

Electric Clocks, Telephones and Automatic Lighting Devices in Every Room

Completely Remodeled and Redecorated
Refurnished throughout in Solid Mahogany and Brass
One minute to Elevated and Subway Stations
Take nearest car at any Railroad or Steamboat Terminal, they all pass or transfer to the Empire
Within easy walking distance of all Theatres and Department Stores
Restaurant noted for Excellent Cooking, Efficient Service and Moderate Charges

Rooms (with use of bath) \$1.50 per day up
Rooms (with private bath) \$2.00 per day up
Suites (with private bath) \$3.50 per day up

W. JOHNSON QUINN

LIVING AGE SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor upon the publishers by sending the addresses of any persons who would likely be interested in the magazine. To any such address a specimen copy will gladly be sent. Or, for one dollar, the LIVING AGE will be sent for thirteen weeks to any name not now on the list. For your friend who likes good reading, this is an excellent present.

THE LIVING AGE CO.
13½ BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



THE NEW REMINGTON BILLING TYPEWRITER

not only writes the bills
but does all the other
work that Remingtons
have always done.

Remington Typewriter Company
327 Broadway, New York

WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER



FREE
CATALOG
MAILED ON
APPLICATION

AGENTS
WANTED
IN OPEN
TERRITORY

The Williams Typewriter Co.

FACTORY AND GENERAL OFFICE,
NEW YORK, 20 Broadway.
DERBY, CONN., U. S. A.
LONDON, 37 Abchurch Lane.

THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXV.

NO. 3155. DEC. 24, 1904.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXLIII.

THE PEASANT CASTE IN RUSSIA.

Among the scenes of weird symbolism which have made Ibsen great in his generation, one of the most striking is the nightmare of a struggle between Peer Gynt and his past, the nebulous "Bjügen," in which all the weaknesses, vices, and crimes of former life have accumulated to a gigantic might. It seems almost as if the Russian people were, even now, engaged in such a momentous struggle. The ways to greatness and prosperity are blocked by the accursed inheritance of past ages; and it will require all the strength of a gifted and enduring nation to get rid of the nightmare, and to rise once more to hopeful and productive activity. One of the means of salvation is the clear consciousness of peril. The symptoms and causes of decay must be discovered and denounced on every occasion; and it is the painful duty of Russian patriots to tell the truth loudly at home and abroad, whenever there is a chance of obtaining a hearing. In ordinary circumstances, one feels inclined to keep silence as to the shortcomings of one's own people, espe-

cially in conversation with strangers. But the present state of affairs in Russia is not an ordinary one. Her deformities have become a household word everywhere; and they are magnified to downright hideousness by the hypocrisy of her would-be advocates, who pretend not to notice them. It is not the aggression of foreigners which constitutes the real danger for the progress and existence of Russia; she need not stand in fear of anybody but herself. The efforts of her friends must be directed against her own suicidal policy.

Happily, there are many signs to show that public opinion in Russia is quite alive to the magnitude of the questions at issue, and to the right course to be pursued by the nation. True that the Government is still bent on a policy which involves the weeding-out of the best men of the country, the destruction of independent political ideals, and the spread of hatred and civil strife, as a means of strengthening the Empire. But, though the ghosts of historical despotism are still

powerful in Governmental palaces and offices, everywhere around people rise in rebellion against their sway.

A striking instance of the conflict between deep-rooted administrative habits and public opinion is afforded by recent developments in the treatment of the greatest problem of the day—the "peasant question"—on the right solution of which depends the fate of four-fifths of the population of the Empire, the solidity of the mainstay of its power. There can be no doubt that "something is rotten in the State of Denmark" in this respect, even in the eyes of the official world. As far back as in 1872, a Commission was formed, under the presidency of Valuyeff, to inquire into the state of agriculture and of the rural class. In 1883, another Commission, with State-Secretary Kachanoff in the chair, investigated the administrative institutions by which the peasants were ruled. In 1894, the Ministry of the Interior examined the legal condition of the peasantry by the help of special inquests in the provinces. At the same time, the Ministry of Agriculture collected materials on the economic condition of the rural population from provincial *Zemstvos*—the County Councils of the Empire. Since then, the "decay of the centre" has been under discussion, both in the Press and in Government Boards; the Minister of Finance has warned the Council of State, in a special memoir, that the paying strength of the nation is strained to the utmost; the Controller-General has expressed an unfavorable opinion on the economic condition of the Empire, in a Report on the revenue and expenditure of the State; and, quite recently, in 1902, a "Special Consultation" was opened, under the presidency of M. de Witte, to inquire into the needs of rural husbandry and the way to meet them. This last body addressed itself for information to "Local Consultations" summoned in the

districts and in the provinces of the Empire, and has collected materials, printed for private circulation in fifty-eight volumes. These "Consultations" have produced a considerable stir in society, and called forth a whole crop of literary productions to summarize and vulgarize their results. I will just mention the best of these summaries—a collection of essays on the *Needs of Village Life*, written by distinguished lawyers and literary men.

No wonder so much attention should be given to such subjects. All these discussions are prompted, not merely by the wish to improve the existing state of things, but by material distress of the most uncontestable and appalling kind. Even those citizens of the West who are most ignorant as to Russian affairs have read in the papers of famines, such as are, happily, unknown in their own countries, but visit Russia from year to year, and of agrarian riots, for the like of which one has to turn to the history of the sixteenth century in Western Europe. Those who are a little more conversant with the facts of the case, are well able to substantiate these general observations by many characteristic details. They know that a famine apart from the havoc it occasions in the economic and sanitary condition of broad tracts, may come to cost the Empire 179 million roubles in subsidies in a single year; that, in order to collect the 2,000,000,000 roubles of a Budget inflated by huge military expenditure, strategic railways, etc., the State has to strain the resources of its subjects to such an extent that in many places, in spite of all pressure, some 150–200 per cent. of the tax is reckoned as arrears; that the twenty years from 1880 to 1900, which witnessed a tremendous increase of Governmental revenue, are also marked by a constant decrease in the welfare of the people—such a decrease, indeed, that, e.g., in one of the most

favorably situated provinces (Pultava) about 30 per cent. of the peasant holdings are left without horses or cattle, and about 20 per cent. are possessed only of one head per household. This looks very much like consuming capital, instead of drawing revenue from income; and we are told, over and over again, that the peasants in various provinces are paying in taxes a good deal more than their land is able to give them, and that they do not always succeed in squaring accounts by the help of additional work in factories, in town callings, as agricultural laborers, and the like. Altogether, the fact of the gradual decay of the peasant class in the greater part of Russia is established by testimony coming from all sides. There is difference of opinion, not as to the fact itself, but only as to its causes. In the eyes of some few representatives of the so-called Conservative Party, the root of the matter consists in the lack of discipline, the sloth, the predatory habits of the peasantry. The villagers are depicted as savages and animals; and a return to the "useful features" of serfdom is recommended as a cure against these evils. It is curious that those very people, who treat 80 per cent. of their nation with such unmitigated contempt, when they speak of them as laboring "hands," are generally very loud in declamations about the might and virtues of the Russian nation, when it has to play the part of a bugbear to foreigners. On reflection, it is not difficult to reconcile these seemingly contradictory feelings; a herd of cattle may excite the enthusiastic boasts of its driver, who would be much astonished and incensed, nevertheless, if the meek beasts claimed anything like independence and consideration. Still, even from the point of view of the cattle-driver, it ought to be remembered, that "you do not trammel a horse, if you want it to run."

The number of cattle-drivers is not great, and their opinions would not carry any weight, if, unhappily, the Government had not been apt to take its inspiration from them. The first fruit of the renewed interest in the condition of the peasantry in the 'eighties was, not the endorsement of the recommendations of the liberal majority of the Kachanoff Commission, but the Law of 1889 substituting for the Justices of the Peace the Land-Captains (*Zemski natschalniki*), with discretionary powers, the reform of the Provincial Councils on the basis of a class system which thrusts the interests and opinions of the peasantry entirely into the background, etc. Even when the hard facts of the case had convinced the most obtuse bureaucrats that something had to be done, the usual expedient of a series of Commissions and "Consultations," with pompous starts and infinitesimal results, was resorted to, as if the only object was to let all the energy of reformers "run out into sand," according to the well-known German saying. In the "Consultations" initiated by M. de Witte, good care was taken to gag the experts, in such a manner that their voices should not swell to an outcry. Not the regular Councils of Districts and Provinces were asked, but specially packed inquests, in which the Land-Captains, the Revenue Inspectors, and other officials, obtained more than their fair share of a hearing; the Presidents were entrusted with wide powers to stop unwelcome discussions; and the Ministry of the Interior even went the length of exiling two of the experts called up to offer their candid advice to the Government.

And still, in spite of such unmistakable symptoms of the official temper, notwithstanding all the pressure brought to bear on provincial society, the answers of the local bodies have been, on the whole, remarkable for

their boldness and unanimity. It is especially to the District Consultations that we have to look for the expression of public opinion; the Provinces were too much under the thumb of their Governors to speak with freedom, although even there many cases of outspoken and determined opposition occurred, as, for example, in Moscow, Tambof, Voronesh, Tshernigoff, &c. It would be impossible in a short paper to give an adequate idea of the District Reports; but I should like to call attention to the treatment of at least one momentous question, on the right solution of which a good deal will depend in the future. I mean, no less a question than the legal status of the Russian peasantry as a class.

"One of the chief causes of the decay of rural economy is to be found in the uncertainty of property and social relations. This uncertainty is called forth by the incompleteness of the enactments in regard to rural population, and even more by the fact, that these enactments are insufficient to guarantee a firm rule of law. The incompleteness and the defects of the statutes cannot be amended by special alterations, but require the solution of questions of general principle; and from such a solution all further law-making must proceed." These words are quoted from a Report presented by M. de Witte in 1899.

The corner-stone of the peasant problem in Russia seems to be the fact that the peasants, who form four-fifths of the population of the Empire, were only partially emancipated in 1861; they were freed from personal dependence on the Squires, but, in the eye of the law, they remain members of a servile caste, severed from the rest of society by humiliating disabilities and peculiar institutions.

The stamp of a debased condition is

clearly seen in the difficulties attending the passage from the peasant class to other orders of society. It is only by renouncing his share in the land of a village community, without compensation, that a peasant is enabled to emigrate, to become a Government official, or a trader. If the son of a peasant achieves success in a liberal profession, or in trade, if he gets the diploma of a university, or the standing of an "honorary citizen," he is bound to leave his order. "Such rules are the outcome of a view according to which the fact of belonging to the peasant class is considered debasing: a peasant is unworthy to take a place among those who stand on the lowest rung of the bureaucratic ladder, or who are preparing themselves to ascend it." (Report of eighteen members of the Moscow Consultation.) "Is it not inconsequent to complain that the milk is thin, when the cream has been skimmed?" (Eletz District Report.) We shall not wonder that the limits of the class are so sharply determined, when we come to consider the legal conditions laid down for the peasantry.

The legal reform of 1864 abolished corporal punishment in the practice of ordinary tribunals; and the Council of State fully realized that "corporal punishments are distinctly injurious, because they are an obstacle to the spread of humanity among the people, and to a heightened sense of honor and duty, which form a better safeguard against crime than stringent measures of criminal law." Flogging is, however, still employed in the case of obdurate convicts, and in the case of peasants. The latter may be sentenced to corporal punishment by their special officials and courts.¹

Other citizens are supposed to be protected in their personal freedom, unless they are put into prison or exiled

¹ The special liability of peasants to suffer corporal punishment has been at length abolished

on the occasion of the christening of the new-born *Cesarevitch*. Better late than never!

for considerations of State. The uncertainty of personal condition is even greater in the case of peasants; the village community has the right to send any one of its members to Siberia without trial, merely as a vicious and harmful individual.

In ordinary cases of breach of contract, the party who does not keep the agreement is liable to be sued for damages; but, if it is a case of peasant laborers throwing up their work, they are prosecuted and punished as criminal offenders. The usual distinctions between law and morality, crime and vice, are recognized in a general way by Russian law; but not in the case of peasants. The providential ruler of the village, the Land-Captain, has to look after the morals of his flock, and may send to prison people whose conduct he disapproves, as spendthrifts or drunkards.

The civil laws of the Empire do not apply to the dealings of the peasant class. Not only is the village community, the famous *mir*, a peculiar institution, which treats property in land from a point of view directly opposed to the rules prevailing among other classes. There are quite a number of other characteristic peculiarities of peasant law. Suppose, as it often happens, a man wants to leave his home and to look out for occupation abroad, as a factory workman, a servant, and the like, he will have to obtain the consent of the head of his household—his father or elder brother; and he may be thwarted by their refusal. Even if their consent is forthcoming, a second ordeal has to be gone through in the shape of a permission from the *mir*; and this can be obtained only if the petitioner is found to have acquitted himself fully in regard to taxes. If all this does not amount to servile ascription to the tenement, it is, at any rate, very like it; and the District Consultations enter energetic protests against

the survivals of serfdom—survivals, it may be added, which have been rendered especially galling by an enactment passed in 1894.

The head of the household plays such a prominent part in this business, because another Law (of March 18, 1886) has taken undivided households under its special protection. When the owner of a share in the village dies, his family remains by right undivided, and has to go on with the common management of family property. If the co-heirs find that such an arrangement works badly, and wish to separate, they have to go through the arduous process of obtaining leave from the *mir*, and a confirmation of this licence from the Land-Captain. The fiscal point of view is quite apparent again, only those being permitted to separate who have paid off all the taxes. This legislative attempt to stop the course of divisions is, however, unnatural to such a degree, that, in spite of the statutes, the household groups do get broken up by mutual agreement; but these separations, though extremely numerous, are extra-legal, and the divided households have still to hold together in the eye of the law and of the tax-collector.

That the village community itself is very much treated as a means for enforcing fiscal claims and a subject of tutelage, is apparent from the Provisions of 1893 (June 8 and December 19) against the frequent recurrence of re-divisions of the arable, and the alienation of holdings by sale. A provident Administration takes care that the peasants should not weaken their rural economy by frequent divisions and sales. A period of twelve years has been fixed as appropriate for re-divisions all over the Empire; and the Land-Captain has to watch over their regularity and fairness. The same Land-Captain controls the *mir* in its dealings with single householders, and is bound to prevent the alienation of hold-

ings to strangers. It is hardly needful to add, that wholesale emigration is forbidden, unless it can be shown that the old community has given its consent, and that no arrears are charged against the would-be emigrants. But, in spite of this restriction, crowds of people are constantly leaving their old homes in despair, and trending their weary way to the East, in search of fields where they hope to be less harassed by natural difficulties and Governmental requirements.

As the Common Law regulating the relations of other classes does not apply to the peasants in their dealings between themselves, a special body of law and special legal and administrative institutions have to be found for them. The peasants are supposed to be ruled by local custom, as mediæval villains were ruled by the custom of the manor. The task of formulating and applying these customs is entrusted to the *volosts*, local divisions usually composed of several villages, and numbering from 300 to 2,000 members. The *volost* bears the stamp of the low caste in its organization. It includes merely the peasant population; and persons belonging to other classes stand outside its jurisdiction when they dwell within its territory. From an administrative point of view, the *volost* is less a unit of local government than an instrument employed by State officials of all kinds for the transmission of their orders and requirements; the headman of the *volost* and his subordinates, the *tythingmen*, are constantly engaged in collecting taxes, superintending the mending of roads, providing horses and carts for Government officials, assisting the police and the Justices in their investigations as to criminals, &c. And these headmen playing the part of constables are not only sent about on all sorts of business by the Government, they are treated in the most high-handed way by their

superiors. No wonder that, notwithstanding some remuneration, it is by no means considered a privilege to be appointed headman. Well-to-do and influential individuals are loth to accept the office; and it devolves, naturally, on men of humble disposition and low character. In the absence of real leaders, the moving spirit of the *volost* is generally found in the person of the clerk, in most cases a half-educated, corrupt, pettifogging official, who is well able to avail himself of his scanty knowledge of law, on the principle that, among the blind, the one-eyed takes the lead.

The standing of the judges of the *volost* is not higher than that of the headman; a popular saying comparing them to wooden stumps. Between the intellectual superiority of the clerk and the official supervision of the Land-Captain, there is not much room left for wisdom and dignity in the administration of rural law. Everything is confusion and contradiction in the local customs, as laid down by the judges of the *volost*; in one case they recognize one rule for dividing goods among heirs, and in another case they set up another; in some localities they admit testamentary dispositions, and in neighboring places they do not admit them. It is all very well to talk of the development of vernacular customs, suggested by the requirements of life and shaped by the common-sense of the people; as a matter of fact, it is impossible to shut up the life of the peasantry in an air-tight compartment—or to prevent all kinds of influences from obtaining access to it; and, in reality, the so-called customary law of the peasant is permeated by fragments of Imperial statutory law, and by distorted principles of general jurisprudence. To make confusion still greater, it has not been thought necessary to lay down any definite rules of procedure for the present courts. One

may fancy what curious conceptions as to evidence crop up under the circumstances. It has happened that the litigants in a case of disputed possession were directed by the court to prove their claims by single combat, and that, one of the parties having refused to have recourse to this form of trial, decision was given against him. Appeals from these illiterate tribunals are to be lodged, not, in the ordinary way, before higher courts of justice, but before District Sessions, in which the administrative elements predominate and trained jurists are in a helpless minority.

The disorder and ignorance of village courts, and the primitive conditions of communal husbandry, are supposed to be counteracted by an administrative providence embodied in the person of the Land-Captain. This official was put in the place of the Justice of the Peace in 1889, with the avowed object of dispensing with ordinary rules of law and justice. He is a representative of discretionary power in local administration, and, as such, he exerts his interference in all the affairs of the villagers, has supervision over all the decisions of rural meetings and *volost* courts, practically nominates the *volost* clerks, drives all village elections according to his wishes, acts as a magistrate in subordinate civil and criminal cases, &c.

One of the most striking expressions of the arbitrary rule of this local potentate is his power to inflict punishment without trial on all peasants within his jurisdiction (the famous section 61 of the Law of 12 June, 1889). He is to judge for himself whether it is lawful for him to make use of this discretionary power; and there is no appeal from his decision. The practice of this incredible rule is in keeping with its theory. It has happened in the province of Nijni Novgorod that a Land-Captain has sent to prison an

entire village meeting, composed of several hundred persons, because they were remiss in paying a rate which had been imposed by this very Land-Captain. Again, another Land-Captain of the same province enforced the execution of a decision of his which had been repealed by the District Sessions, by merely declaring the case to be an administrative and not a judicial one.

In fact, the cry for social order which called forth the institution of Land-Captains has had the curious effect of entrusting the care of land to a power which is constantly breaking the law. No wonder the peasants do not believe any more in the existence of such a thing as law. "Law is like a shaft," says their proverb; "it goes where you push it." "If one speaks to a peasant about law," remarks a former Land-Captain, "he will reply: 'You can do everything.'" What ideas and feelings crop up on this soil of lawlessness and ignorance may be gathered from the following occurrence. In a case of "resistance to authority," tried in Voronesh, the witnesses explained to the court why the accused villagers thought that a piece of land belonged to them and not to the Squire. They were convinced that the estate in question could not have been granted by Emperor Paul to Count Besborodko, because, in their opinion, public domains cannot be made the subject of grants: there had been only a grant of superiority, with a right to rule the inhabitants "in the same way as we have been granted to the Land-Captains." The "darkness" in the minds of the peasants, and the lawlessness of their life, account unquestionably for a good deal in the agrarian upheavals which of late have become of every-day occurrence in Russia.

Professor Kusmin-Karavayeff has stated the net result of these facts in the following words: "The local representatives called up to work in the Dis-

trict Consultations have spoken loudly and definitely on the causes of the helplessness of the village. These causes must be sought deep. It is not a case of ploughs, three-field shifting, broken ground and sand, not a case of railway tariffs and insufficient influx of money, not even a case of want of land and of communal ownership.

. . . *The peasant is a thing.* Ages of serfdom have accustomed us to look on him in this way, and have taught him to think of himself in the same manner. For ages he has been an object in the hands of the Squire, an object, bereft of rights, of property, of self-providence, of the necessity to look ahead instead of following the passing day. The Manifesto of February 19 declared him to be a man, and thereby gave him the chance of becoming a man. But, in order to become a man in reality, many other things were wanted. It was necessary that the former slaveholder should recognize the personality of the peasant, and that the latter should be conscious of rights and duties. The absence of such a consciousness in the peasant is the real need of rural husbandry."

Or, as peasants themselves express it, the "chief cause and fault consists in the fact that we are always under guardianship. . . . What sort of people are we? We are deemed husbandmen as to our land, but we are unable to dispose of ourselves. It is the same in our courts; we know little

of the law, and dare not speak; we stand in awe of the Land-Captains."

It is difficult to believe, though it is a fact, that in official circles projects of strengthening the laws as to the "separate condition" of the peasantry are still openly hatched. But the voices of local men from all parts of Russia join in demanding for the long-enduring peasant equality of rights, real self-government, and education. These claims are self-evident for Europeans; and the characteristic feature about contemporary Russia is, that such things have to be discussed and urged. Sometimes natural considerations dawn on the minds of the officials themselves, as, for instance, when the majority of the 1884 Commission expressed its opinion that "the introduction of the Land-Captains would lead to such a régime of discretion in the country that nothing would be left for people but to fly from it, not to speak of the condition in which the peasantry would be placed." But the Imperial Government thought it best to avail itself of the period of political appeasement which followed the terroristic onslaught, by strengthening the principles of social inequality and arbitrary rule. The results are well known, one of them being the creation of "rightless individuals and lawless crowds." It is to be hoped that the very excess of misery of madness will at length open the eyes, even of those who do not want to see.

The Independent Review.

P. Vinogradoff.

IN THE THROES OF COMPOSITION.

That the work of composing is not affected by time, or place, or circumstance was one of Dr. Johnson's dogmatic assertions. He snorted scornfully at Boswell's contention that the

weather has an irresistible influence upon the mind, especially in the case of writers of weak frames and fine sensibilities. "A man," said he, "can write just as well at one time as at another,

if he will only set his mind to it." "To temperance every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence," he writes in one of his *Idler* papers. "He that shall resolutely excite his faculties, or exert his virtues, will soon make himself superior to the seasons, and may set at defiance the morning mist and the evening damp, the blasts of the east and the clouds of the south."

Johnson had a robust common sense and a penetrating understanding which enabled him usually to get at the right in an argument. But the spirit of contradiction or sophistry occasionally took possession of him, and when in the mood of contrariness he would bring all the powers of his mind to the support of a contention which he knew in his heart to be wrong; so that, as Boswell says, it is not easy to arrive at his real opinion on subjects unconnected with the great truths of religion and morality, on which alone he was always serious and consistent. His contention that the mind of a writer is ever in working order, that composition is merely a matter of sitting down at a table, pen in hand, with paper and ink, and writing one's thoughts, is sadly contradicted by the history of literary achievement. Is it not the common experience of all who write, to find themselves at times in so barren a condition of mind that it is with pain they can think of something to say on the subject with which they propose to deal, and that when the laggard thought is at last forthcoming, to give form and harmony to the sentence in which they endeavor to body it forth on paper is a work of irritating labor? The powers of speculation and invention lie dormant. The lamp of imagination has burned out. The brain is dull and heavy, and seems absolutely incapable of originating a thought. Language is halting and commonplace. There is no "go" in the sentences; they positively

refuse to march. The very pen, whose touch in the moment of inspiration is thrilling seems weighted with lead.

Owen Meredith sings:

Talk not of genius baffled; genius is
master of man;
Genius does what it must, and talent
does what it can.

The genius who is a writer will, it is true, eventually deliver himself somehow of his message to mankind, no matter what difficulties may be in the way; but it is an exaggeration to say that even he is master of time and place and circumstance. Take Carlyle, who as a writer was a genius if ever there was one. In time he succeeded in sending his message forth in thirty-four volumes. What a prodigious amount of work! Yet composition seems to have been a torture to him. In 1824, in the very glamor of the beginning of his literary career, he said: "Certainly no one wrote with such tremendous difficulty as I do," and he added wistfully, "shall I ever write with ease?" The effort of writing was always laborious to him. He wrote, as his brother John so well expresses it, "with his heart's blood"; and as Froude adds, "in a state of fevered tension." In his "Journal" he thus soliloquizes after he had completed "The French Revolution" in 1837:

I have felt in a general way as if I should like never to write any line more in the world. Literature! Oh, Literature! Oh, that Literature had never been devised! Then, perhaps, were I a living man, and not a half-dead, enchanted, spectre-haunted nondescript. On the whole, however, resting and "lazily simmering" will no longer do. This day I must begin writing again—article, bad luck to it! on Sir Walter Scott for "Mill's Review." I return, not like a warrior to his battle-field, but like a galley slave scourged back by the whip of necessity. Surely, in a few years I shall

either get out of this dreadful state by some alleviation, or else die and sink under it. I feel, in a general way, that my only hope is to die. Take up the oar, however, and tug, since it must be so.

On the other hand, when Anthony Trollope decided to write a novel he first fixed its length—so many thousand words; and allowed himself a certain time—so many months, in which to complete it. His average output was forty pages a week, with 240 words to a page. "I have prided myself in completing my work exactly within the proposed dimensions," he says; "but I have prided myself especially in completing it within the proposed time." It was his practice, when at home, to be at his writing-table every morning (Sunday excepted) at half-past five o'clock. He paid his groom 5*l.* a year extra to call him about five o'clock and bring him a cup of coffee. He turned out his allotted amount of composition with amazing ease and regularity before he ate his breakfast. For him there were no such torturing questions as "How shall I begin?"—"What on earth shall I say?" For him there was no nibbling at his penholder, no vacant gazing out of the window. He had always something to say and words to express it with clearness. He acquired such a facility as a writer—or rather he was endowed with so rare an intellectual and physical equipment—that he dashed off the chapters of his novels with astonishing rapidity. He timed himself in composition as with a stop-watch—so many minutes, so many lines. His rate of writing was 250 words for every quarter of an hour. He composed with his watch on the table before him, and found invariably that the 250 words were forthcoming regularly as the minute hand reached the quarter.

As a surveyor of the Post Office he had to travel in the provinces a good deal. The hours he passed in a rail-

way carriage were equally fruitful in literary work. "I made for myself," he says, "a little tablet, and found after a few days' exercise that I could write as quickly in a railway carriage as I could at my desk. I worked with a pencil, and what I wrote my wife copied afterwards." If he slept a night in London, he would be found in the early morning in the long drawing-room of the Athenæum turning out his inevitable 250 words every quarter of an hour. Even during a terribly rough voyage between Marseilles and Alexandria—when he had to visit Egypt on the business of the Post Office—he wrote the allotted number of pages every day. "On this occasion," he says, "more than once I left my paper on the cabin table, rushing away to be sick in the privacy of my state-room." What a triumph of the mind over physical disability! The average man oppressed by sea-sickness could not write a sentence if it were to calm the raging storm.

Trollope derided the idea that a writer should wait until inspiration moved him. "When I have heard such doctrines preached I have hardly been able to repress my scorn," he said. "To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting." "I was once told," he also said, "that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in cobbler's wax much more than in inspiration." "It can be done anywhere," he declared, referring to composition; "in any clothes, which is a great thing; at any hours—to which happy accident in literature I owe my success."

We have in Trollope, then, a man who, in Johnson's words, could write just as well at one time as at another; but the truth is that Trollope was, in that respect, a phenomenon in literature. Johnson himself was so consti-

tutionally indolent, and found the labor of composition so hard, that when placed by his State pension in 1762 above the necessity of writing for a livelihood, his literary output shrank considerably, and, in fact, "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" and "Lives of the Poets" were the only works of any importance from his pen during the twenty-two years of life that remained to him after he came into the possession of 200*l.* per annum. But Trollope had an amazingly healthy mental and physical equipment, a cheerful temperament, grit and determination, a keen delight in literary labor; and his mind, being a perfect piece of mechanism, worked with the ease of a machine. These gifts, mental and physical, he probably inherited from his mother, who, in her way, was a very remarkable woman. Her husband failed in everything to which he put his hand, and she was over fifty years old when compelled to take to literature to support her family. She continued writing until she was seventy-six, and in those twenty-five years she produced as many as 114 volumes. At Bruges, whither the family accompanied the father, who had to fly from England to escape arrest for debt, Mrs. Trollope nursed her dying husband and son, and wrote her novels at the same time. "The doctor's vials and the ink-bottle held equal places in my mother's rooms," says Trollope. "I have written many novels under many circumstances; but I doubt much whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son." "She was at her table at four in the morning, and had finished her work before the world had begun to be aroused." "Of all people I have known," Trollope also says, "she was the most joyous, or at any rate the most capable of joy." That, in truth, was the secret of the industry and the ability to write under any circum-

stances of both mother and son—high spirits and good health. For them, happily, composition had no throes. They wrote serenely, without any worry or fretfulness.

Sir Walter Scott said he had never known a man of genius who could be perfectly regular in his habits; whilst he had known many blockheads who were models of order and method. If Anthony Trollope was not a genius he was by no means a blockhead. As to the quality of the fiction which he turned out so mechanically, there is the enthusiastic testimony of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, in his novels and in his method of composition, was the very antithesis of Trollope. "Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope?" he writes. "They precisely suit my taste—solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were being made a show of. And these books are just as English as a beef-steak."

It was in his "Autobiography," which was published after his death, that Trollope made this frank and perhaps cynical but certainly most interesting disclosure of the manner in which he wrote his novels. Among the comments by literary men which it evoked was one by Freeman. "I myself know what fixed hours of work are and their value," said the historian, "but I could not undertake to write about William Rufus or Appian Claudius up to a certain moment on the clock and to stop at that moment. I suppose it was from his habits of official business that Mr. Trollope learned to do it, and every man undoubtedly knows best how to do his own work. Still, it is strange that works of imagination did not suffer by such a way of doing." But,

surely, Freeman forgot the difference in literary workmanship between historical writing and fiction. Freeman could not have evolved from his inner consciousness William Rufus or Appius Claudius, as Trollope brought forth the famous Archdeacon Grantly in "The Warden" without ever having met an archdeacon or ever having lived in a cathedral city except London. The historian deals with real persons and events; the novelist is concerned with fictitious characters and experiences which he can mould as he pleases. Imaginative writing is perhaps the highest form of literary effort; but it is also the easiest—easiest, that is, to a mind equipped for such work with the qualities of observation, insight, and imagination. To a man like Trollope, with exuberant productive powers, the writing of a novel was easy and swift of accomplishment. To write history as Freeman wrote it—scientifically, with profound accuracy, involving as it does study, research, and investigation—must necessarily be slow and toilsome work. The oblivion which has, to some extent, fallen upon Trollope's works has been ascribed to this confession of his mechanical method of composition. The suggestion appears to me to be far-fetched. Surely the interest of the reader in a book would be whetted rather than dulled if he knew that the author spent a month over each sentence, or wrote a chapter in the twinkling of an eye. If Trollope's novels are now neglected it is not because he turned them out with clock-like regularity, but simply and solely because, in the ever varying taste of readers of popular fiction, they have ceased to be interesting. For my part, I never think of the fertile and industrious Trollope without mourning over his lost opportunities. Such was his marvellous fecundity of mind, that if he had called in the aid of a shorthand clerk he might have dictated one novel

to his secretary while he himself simultaneously wrote another, or he might have cultivated the trick of writing fiction with his left and right hands together. Certainly, had he lived in this day of the typewriter he could have doubled his literary output at least.

Southey was another methodical and rapid literary craftsman. "I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed, regular as clockwork in my pace, sure-footed, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path," he wrote to a friend. But his method was by no means simple. He was a poet, an historian, a critic, and a miscellaneous writer, he turned out an enormous quantity of matter, and succeeded in doing so by working fourteen hours a day and diversifying his labors within his daily round. He had six tables in his library. He wrote poetry at one, history at another, criticism at a third, and so on with the other subjects upon which he was engaged, and when he was tired of spinning his brains into verse he turned to history and criticism.

There is a story that he once described to Madame de Staël the division of his time—two hours before breakfast for history, two hours for reading after, two hours for the composition of poetry, two hours for criticism, and so on through all his working day. "And pray, Mr. Southey," queried the Frenchwoman, somewhat unkindly, "when do you think?" But surely he did well to follow the bent of his mental idiosyncrasy? "Don't swear and bid me do one thing at a time," he wrote to a friend. "I tell you I can't afford to do one thing at a time—no, nor two neither. It is only by doing many things that I continue to do so much, for I cannot work long together at anything without hurting myself; and so I do everything by heats; then, by

the time I am tired of one my inclination for another is coming round."

Is there a remedy for the barren or inactive state of mind which comes to all writers who are not Trollopes or Southey's? Can the reluctant and sluggish brain be whipped into activity? Some writers found in alcohol the quickening spirit which kindled their torpid imaginations, and aroused to full activity their drowsy powers of mind. Moore, who was fond of wine, sings:

If with water you fill up your glasses
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus
Which hurries a bard to the skies.

Sheridan needed the cerebral excitement caused by wine when engaged in composition. "If an idea be reluctant a glass of port ripens it and it bursts forth," he said; "if it comes freely a glass of port is a glorious reward for it." With Sheridan, indeed, it was easy to provide "an excuse for the glass." Hollands was Byron's favorite drink when he desired to set his mind on fire. "He assured me," writes Medwin, "that gin and water was the true hippocrène, and the source of all his inspiration." Fielding "got up steam" by a glass of brandy and water. Wilkie Collins put himself in the mood for writing "The Moonstone" or "The Woman in White" by doses of champagne and brandy.

"Claret is a liquor for boys and port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy," said Johnson. Yet he compiled his Dictionary on tea. "A hardened and shameless tea drinker," he called himself, "who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning." He did not believe in exciting the imagination by intoxicants. He held that wine gave a man nothing, but only put in motion what had been locked up in frost. "A man," said he, "should so cultivate his

mind as to have that confidence and readiness without wine which wine gives." A good deal depends upon the individual temperament. In the case of Charles Lamb indulgence in beer or wine thawed his frost-bound mind. "It lighted up his fading fancy," says one of his biographers, "enriched his humor, and impelled the struggling thought or beautiful image into day." To Lamb and Burns, as well as to most writers noted for their fondness for alcohol, drinking was more an intellectual than a sensual pleasure. The literary temperament, nervous and highly strung as it usually is, and a prey to black despair, often finds in alcohol the fairy which lifts it on its airy wings out of the depths of mental depression and barrenness to the heights of intellectual exaltation and literary activity. Thomson frequently composed with a bowl of punch before him, for he found the spirit quickened the action of his intellect and made his thoughts run brisker. There is a story related of Addison that he often composed walking up and down the long drawing-room of Holland House, with a bottle of sherry and a glass at each end, and when his creative faculty flagged he sought for "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" in the wine. In Scotland, we are told, literature is cultivated on a little oatmeal. Yet James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, went so far as to declare that a man who did not drink could not be a poet, or in other words that a sober poet was an impossibility. While Hogg was at Keswick, Southey, at his invitation, called to see him at his inn. "I was a grieved as well as an astonished man," says Hogg, "when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum punch. For a poet to refuse his glass was to me a phenomenon, and I confess I doubted in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendent

poetic genius can exist together. In Scotland I am sure they cannot." The first time that Hogg dined with Walter Scott he advanced in familiarity, as the wine passed, from "Mr. Scott" to "Shirra" (Sheriff), "Scott," "Walter," and finally "Waltie," till at supper he convulsed everyone by addressing Mrs. Scott familiarly as "Charlotte." Scott himself drank whisky rather than wine. "He sincerely preferred," says Lockhart, "a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious liquid-ruby that ever flowed in the cup of a prince." But perhaps the only great poet who was intemperate was Burns. Wordsworth—to quote but one of many examples of great poets who were abstemious—pleads guilty to having got drunk only once. In "The Prelude," describing a visit to Milton's room at Cambridge, he says:

O temperate Bard,
Be it confest that for the first time
seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations to thy memory, drank till
pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour or since.

Milton himself said: "He who would write an epic for the nation must subsist on vegetables and water." Shelley and Chatterton were also water-drinkers as well as vegetarians, not, however, because they agreed with Milton, but because they had no taste for strong drink or flesh meats. They could not enjoy the delicacies of the table. Good things, in the way of eating and drinking, would have been wasted upon them.

Various, indeed, are the means to which writers have recourse in order to ease the throes of composition. Coffee is commonly indulged in as a stimulant for a tired brain, especially by literary night-workers. Some

writers take a brisk walk or a ride or some other form of outdoor exercise before sitting down to work. Others during urgent and continuous labor wrap wet towels around their heads. I know one writer who has a profound belief in the efficacy of a cold bath as an aid to composition. I know another who keeps his feet in mustard and water at his writing desk. Darwin found a literary stimulant in snuff.

Probably most of the literary work by men is turned out in clouds of smoke. "In common with nine-tenths of my literary brethren I am a constant smoker," said James Payn. "I smoke the whole time I am engaged in composition (three hours *per diem*) and often after meals, but very light tobacco—*latakia*. That it stimulates the imagination I have little doubt, and as I have worked longer and more continuously for thirty years than any other author (save one), I cannot believe that tobacco has done me any harm." Milton, though a water-drinker and a vegetarian, smoked. Tobacco undoubtedly conduces to thinking. It is also a sedative. Charles Kingsley often worked himself into a white heat of composition over the book upon which he was engaged, until, too excited to write any more, he would calm himself down with a pipe and a walk in his garden. "There are two things for which I never grudge money—books and cigars," said Buckle, the historian. But tobacco is perhaps best suited for the poet. Carlyle said that smoking brought to him "ideal cloudy dreams," and partaken in repose and inaction—when it is most thoroughly enjoyed—tobacco is, indeed, conducive to "sweet thoughts and quiet breathings." Tennyson was an inveterate smoker. Byron, however, preferred to chew tobacco rather than to smoke it.

Hawthorne, it will be remembered, said of Trollope's novels that they seemed to have been "written on the

strength of beef," and that they are "as English as a beef-steak." Is the stomach, then, the seat of literary power? Does thought vary with the kind of food that is eaten? If this were true, it might be possible so to cultivate the mind by a system of dieting as to make it bring forth its best powers in literary composition. Skill in the treatment of land has been brought almost to perfection. The agriculturist knows well how to make poor soil and rich soil alike yield their best by manuring, and the rotation of crops. May not a system of farming be applied also to the brain? May not the faculties of reflection, and reasoning, and imagination be developed by a steady course of certain dishes? This much, at least, is generally believed, that some foods are more conducive than others to mental activity. It is said that phosphorus is the light of the intellect, and that a liberal diet of fish, which is supposed to be richer in phosphorus than any other food, is essential for the repair of the wear and tear of the brain. An abnormal fondness for fish is a sure sign of the young literary aspirant. He stands enraptured before the marble slab of a fishmonger. It contains, in his opinion, the raw material of deathless verse and prose! That haddock, selling at a few pence per lb., might lead, if properly assimilated, to the production of another "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," or "The Origin of Species." From that trout or plaice might spring another "Deserted Village," or "Ode to a Skylark." There are potentialities of a "Hamlet," a "Don Juan," or a "Jane Eyre" in that salmon. Indeed, this belief that the eating of fish stimulates the flow of thought, and calls up appropriate words for their expression, lingers occasionally beyond the aspirant stage of literature. I know an old journalist who seeks inspiration for his nightly "leading article" in a supper

of stout and oysters, or salmon mayonnaise, or lobster salad. I cannot, however, say that there is much phosphorescence in his effusions. They are more solid than brilliant.

Still, one does not find that the authors of books which continue to arrest, through the centuries, the attention of the world, were remarkable for a fondness for fish. It is true that stewed lampreys was the only dish that would tempt Pope to get out of bed for dinner when he stayed at Lord Bollingbroke's, but that fish was regarded as an epicurean treat, rather than as the physical basis for the "Essay on Man" or the "Rape of the Lock." Moore tells us that Byron informed him he preferred fish to flesh. "The noble poet," as Moore was fond of describing him, had a notion that animal food debased character and intellect. "I remember one day," writes Moore, "as I sat opposite to him, employed, I suppose, rather earnestly over a beefsteak, after watching me for a few seconds he said in a grave tone of inquiry, 'Moore, don't you find eating beefsteak makes you ferocious?'" Byron—"to attenuate and keep up the ethereal part of me," as he puts it—lived principally on biscuits and sodawater.

But Dryden, accepting an invitation to supper, unpoetically wrote: "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach." Johnson also possessed a taste for coarse dishes such as boiled pork, and veal pie stuffed with plums and sugar; and, like George III., had a voracious attachment to a boiled leg of mutton. Boiled beans and bacon was Thackeray's favorite dish. In all these cases the gratification of the appetite rather than the stimulation of the intellect was the object in view. We know that Macaulay had an abhorrence of cold boiled veal, for he

wrote to his sister in reference to John Wilson Croker: "I hate him as I hate cold boiled veal;" and Goldsmith's dislike of cold mutton is apparent from his line that Edmund Burke was doomed to "Eat mutton cold and cut blocks with a razor." Curiously enough, Tennyson had a liking for "boiled salt beef and new potatoes." When his friends joked with him on his peculiar taste, he would reply good-humoredly, "All fine-natured men know what is good to eat." But what he regarded as a perfect dinner, according to his son, was "a beef-steak, a potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of port, and afterwards a pipe, never a cigar," a meal which at least was in harmony with his powerful physical frame, if not with his poetic temperament. One evening that Tennyson and Thackeray dined together, the poet declared his love for Catullus, and quoted some of his lines. "I do not rate him highly; I could do better myself," said the novelist. Next morning, Tennyson received a letter from Thackeray, humbly apologizing for his boasting. "When I have dined," he wrote, "sometimes I believe myself to be equal to the greatest painters and poets." He added, "That delusion goes off, and then I know what a small fiddle mine is, and what small tunes I play upon it."

It would seem, too, that the green-grocer runs the fishmonger and the butcher close in providing the writer with material for the up-keep of his brain. Sir Isaac Newton wrote his "*Principia*," in which he explains the laws which govern the universe, on a scanty daily allowance of vegetables, bread and water. Was there ever a more notable example of plain living and high thinking?

Shelley was of opinion that abstinence from flesh meats clears and subtilises the intellectual faculties. He never had regular meals; he ate only when he was hungry, and often at the

end of the day he would say to his wife, "Mary, have I dined?" Bread was literally his staff of life. "When he felt hungry," his friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg writes, "he would dash into the first baker's shop, buy a loaf, and rush out again bearing it under his arm; and he strode onward in his rapid course: breaking off pieces of bread and greedily swallowing them." Professor Dowden in his biography of the poet says: "Around the seat on which he read or wrote a circle of crumbs and fragments would lie scattered on the floor. He made his meal of bread luxurious by the addition of common pudding raisins, purchased at some mean shop, where, customers being few, he might be speedily served, and these he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket." It would seem, therefore, as if the reasoning and imaginative powers can be as active on salads or cereals as on soles or steaks.

Indeed, I have heard it asserted by a poet that the physical basis of all good poetry is starvation. It is my friend's experience that after an excellent dinner his fancy is humble and earth-crawling; but that by abstaining for a day or two from food he falls into a sort of intellectual trance, and, like the ascetic monks of old, sees visions which he is able to describe in inspired phrases. Again, some of our greatest writers were martyrs to delicate and infirm stomachs. Carlyle, we know, was a life-long victim of dyspepsia. "A rat gnawing at the pit of my stomach" is his terrible description of his disorder. However, dyspepsia is by no means the certain sign of literary ability, nor can it be conducive to inspiration in composition. A genius of course may write and write and be dyspeptic. He can rise superior to the chronic pangs of indigestion as to every other form of intermittent physical pain and discomfort. But for the average writer successfully to grapple

with the throes of composition there must be no rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach. Still, indigestion has its literary uses. I know writers who are so incorrigibly cheerful, optimistic, and high-spirited by temperament that when they are required to look out on the comedy of life with a jaundiced eye, for literary purposes, they steep their minds in the necessary gloom and become moody and irritable by bringing on a bad attack of indigestion.

Absolute silence is essential to most writers if they are to preserve a calm and unruffled temper in the throes of composition. "I require quiet, and myself to myself, more than any man when I write," said Tennyson. The slightest noise stopped the flow of Carlyle's ideas. Even the crowing of a cock drove him to distraction. What an inscrutable mental and physical equipment was his! To me it seems that the crowing of a cock heard in London would light the lamp of imagination in the most prosaic of men—such are the associations of home and the atmosphere of the country which cluster round the shrill chanticleer—and transform him for a few glorious moments into an inspired poet. Carlyle, in order that he might be enveloped in silence profound while he wrestled with his messages to humanity, had a soundproof writing room—double-walled with a space between to deaden external noise—erected on the top of the residence in Cheyne Row. The workmen engaged in the construction of the chamber made chaos of the house during the operations of building, and Carlyle sought refuge in bed from the hideous clamor, with what result he thus relates: "One Irish artist, I remember, had been ignorant that lath and plaster was not a floor; he from above, accordingly, came plunging down into my bedroom, catching himself by the armpits, fast swinging astonished in the vortex of old laths, lime, and dust." And when

the "sound-proof room" was finished it turned out to be "by far the noisiest in the house," "a kind of infernal miracle." What untold sufferings the sage endured—if we are to believe him—in the throes of composition! Here is a characteristic heart-groan over the slow progress he was making with "Fredrick" in 1861. "Seldom was a poor man's heart so near broken by utter weariness, disgust, and long-continued despair over an undoable job. The only point is, said heart must not break altogether, but finish, if it can."

The slightest noise had an irritating effect also on George Elliot. In the early years of her career she and George Henry Lewes lived at Richmond, and had only one sitting-room in which they did their literary work together. The scratching of Lewes's pen used to affect her nerves to such an extent that it nearly drove her wild; and when their circumstances were improved by the remarkable success of her novels she treated herself to a separate study in which she wrote alone with closed doors.

Goldsmith, on the other hand, was indifferent to time, place, and circumstance. He never wrote with more natural and unaffected grace and charm than in the days of hard fortune when he starved in his wretched room in Green Arbour Court. Percy visited him there in March 1759, and found him writing his "Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning." There was but one chair in the room, which he gave to his visitor, while he deposited himself in the window. "As they were conversing," we are told, "some one gently rapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behavior entered, who dropping a curtsy said: 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.'" It was in this tenement lodging that Goldsmith

wrote his delightful essays for "The Bee." Sometimes he was found wanting; his copy was not forthcoming on the day appointed, but his remissness apparently was due rather to indolence than to lack of inspiration. One day a gentleman called on the landlady of Green Arbour Court and desired to be directed to Goldsmith's room. The good woman was alarmed to hear the door of the room locked the moment the visitor entered, followed by the noise of a rather angry altercation; and her apprehensions were only increased by the perfect silence which followed for three hours. She was immensely relieved, however, when the door of Goldsmith's room was again opened, and the gentleman, in high good-humor, gave her money to fetch supper for her lodger from a neighboring tavern. The visitor was the editor of "The Bee," who compelled his laggard contributor to sit down, in duress and under a threat of a thrashing, to write the essay perhaps on "Happiness in a Great Measure Dependent on Constitution," or "On the Instability of Worldly Grandeur," or "Of the Pride and Luxury of the Middling Class of People."

Jane Austen, a perfect literary artist, like Goldsmith, wrote her novels without strain or stress in the common sitting-room of the family with the domestic life in full swing about her. The only interruption the gentle lady dreaded was the untimely appearance of a visitor. Not that it dried up the flow of ideas, but she was ashamed to be known as a writer, or "a blue," as literary women were then derisively called; and so to save her reputation she would throw her handkerchief over her manuscript till the visitor had departed. Mrs. Oliphant, the author of more than one hundred novels, also wrote in the midst of her family. Referring to her habits before her marriage she says:

I had no table even to myself, much less a room to work in, but sat at the corner of the family table with my writing-book, with everything going on as if I had been making a shirt instead of writing a book. Our rooms in those days were sadly wanting in artistic arrangement. The table was in the middle of the room, the centre round which everybody sat, with the candles or lamp upon it. My mother sat always at needle-work of some kind and talked to whoever might be present, and I took my share in the conversation, going on all the same with my story, the little groups of imaginary persons, those other talks, evolving themselves quite undisturbed.

After her marriage she wrote with her children playing about her, peeping over her shoulder and even playfully snatching the very pen out of her hand. She would pause in her composition to kiss the little ones; and then, as she expresses it, "thus refreshed in heart and spirit" she would placidly return to her work. "It would put me out now," she wrote in the years of her widowhood, "to have some one sitting at the same table talking while I worked—at least I think it would put me out, with that sort of conventionalism which grows upon one. But up to this date (1888) I have never been shut up in a separate room, or hedged off with any observances. My study, all the study I have ever attained to, is the little second drawing-room where all the (feminine) life of the house goes on, and I don't think I have ever had two hours undisturbed (except at night, when everybody is in bed) during my whole literary life." Leitch Ritchie, the author of "Weary Foot Common" and editor of "Chambers's Journal," said to James Payn: "As a young husband I have often written for the Press for hours, while at the same time my foot has rocked the cradle of a child." Composition—especially invention—in such circumstances seemed to Payn to be an impossi-

bility, and he said so to Ritchie. "And yet necessity, my young friend, is said to be the mother of invention," was Ritchie's half gay and half grave reply. "You do not know what it is to live by your pen *only*!" Another writer who found nothing uncongenial to literary work in the full swing of domestic surroundings was Charlotte Brontë. The female servant of the family, eighty years old, was feeble and dim of vision. She peeled potatoes for the dinner imperfectly; and Charlotte Brontë, engaged in the kitchen on the composition of "*Jane Eyre*," irritated by the sight of the specks on the vegetables, would lay down her pen and complete the peeling, and then, without any check to her inspiration, resume the thread of her narrative.

Sir Walter Scott, like Anthony Trollope, seems to have never known what it is to bite his nails for a thought or a phrase. The moment he sat down at the table and lifted his pen, he was possessed, as it were, with a whirlwind of inspiration. He composed with such marvellous rapidity that rarely was his pen stopped for want of a word. If the word did not come readily he left a blank, to be filled subsequently, and sped on with the work. He was also totally indifferent to his surroundings. His study was always open to his children. "He never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or legend, kiss them and set them down again to their marbles and ninepins, and resume his labors as if refreshed by the interruption."

What an extraordinary scene of literary work amid harassing physical discomfort is that which Fanny

Kemble describes in her "*Records of my Childhood*":

I can never forget the description Sir Adam Fergusson gave me of a morning he had passed with Scott at Abbotsford, which at that time was still unfinished, swarming with carpenters, painters, masons and bricklayers, and surrounded with all the dirt and disorderly discomfort inseparable from the process of house building. The room they sat in was in the roughest condition which admitted of their occupying it at all; the raw, new chimney smoked intolerably. Out of doors the place was one mass of bricks, mortar, scaffolding, tiles and slates. A heavy mist shrouded the whole landscape of lovely Tweedside, and distilled in a cold, persistent and dumb drizzle. Maids, the well-beloved staghound, kept fidgeting in and out of the room, Walter Scott every five minutes exclaiming, "Eh, Adam, the puir beast is just wearyin' to get out!" or "Eh, Adam, the puir creature's just crying to come in!" when Sir Adam would open the door to the raw chilly air for the wet muddy hound's exit or entrance, while Scott, with his face swollen with a grievous toothache, and one hand pressed hard to his cheek, with the other was writing the inimitably humorous opening chapters of "*The Antiquary*," which he passed across the table, sheet by sheet, to his friend, saying, "Now, Adam, d'ye think that'll do?"

Scott was a man of robust physical constitution, with a passion for active life out of doors, and he had a brain just as clear and strong and powerful. But, nevertheless, he must have had his hours of gloom and depression, in which composition is indeed a hard and bitter task, for in his "*Life of Dryden*" he speaks of "the apparently causeless fluctuations of spirits incident to one doomed to labor incessantly in the feverish exercise of the imagination." The throes of composition are, indeed, better faced, as Bulwer Lytton faced them, alone in a peaceful study with

nothing to distract one's attention. Lytton's richly furnished room, with its pictures and laden book-shelves—potent inspirers to the literary man as he looks about for an idea or an expression—was isolated from the rest of the house, so that the least noise, which would have irritated him in the extreme, might be intercepted. Undoubtedly the most perfect atmosphere for a literary worker is that of a quiet study, with drawn curtains, a bright lamp, and a cheerful fire, in the long winter evenings.

How Charles Lamb and Mary Lamb worked together in the writing of the "Tales of Shakespeare" is thus described by Mary in a letter to a friend: "You would like to see us as we often sit writing at the same table (but not on one cushion sitting), like Hermia and Helena in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'; rather like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out that he has made something of it." Lamb, despite the apparent spontaneity of his writings, found at times composition intolerably slow, and the labor of producing it exhausting. He complained in a letter to Bernard Barton in 1824 that he had been for weeks "insuperably dull and lethargic"; and calls his attention to what he describes as "a futile effort" in the "London Magazine" "wrung from me," he groans, "with slow pain." This is the charming essay entitled "Blakesmoor," which to the reader has nothing forced, and possesses all the ease, grace, distinction, and inevitableness of the genial essayist.

To Lamb a walk through crowded and bustling Fleet Street proved a stimulus to his jaded faculties. Barry Cornwall also found not distraction but inspiration in the roar of London. The poet composed best when alone in a crowd, and on a line or a couplet strik-

ing him he would go into a hallway and jot it down. Dickens suffered from sluggishness of mind out of London. In a letter to John Forster from Lausanne, in 1846, while engaged on "Dombey and Son," he complains that he was not getting on rapidly with the novel. "I suppose," he adds, "this is partly the effect of two years' ease, and partly of the absence of streets and numbers of figures. I can't express how much I want these. It seems as if they supplied something to my brain which it cannot bear, when busy, to lose. For a week or a fortnight I can write prodigiously in a retired place (as at Broadstairs), and a day in London sets me up again and starts me. But the toil and labor of writing day after day without that magic lantern is *immense*!! I don't say this at all in low spirits, for we are perfectly comfortable here, and I like the place very much indeed, and the people are even more friendly and fond of me than they were at Genoa. I only mention it as a curious fact which I have never had an opportunity of finding out before, *My* figures seem disposed to stagnate without crowds about them. I wrote very little in Genoa (only the 'Chimes'), and fancied myself conscious of some such influence there—but Lord! I had two miles of streets, at least, lighted at night, to walk about in; and a great theatre to repair to every night."

If some writers can successfully wrestle with the throes of composition in any place, at any hour, or at any season, most writers undoubtedly are influenced by their surroundings, and their varying idiosyncrasies in this respect afford a curious study. To some the moments of rarest intellectual exaltation come when they are in the country, in the spring or summer months, amid brilliant sunshine, and glowing flowers, and singing birds, and leafy trees, and emerald fields. Other writers find the rigid concentration, the

intense thinking essential to composition, impossible amid rural sights and sounds. The singing of a bird, the sunshine gleaming on the meadows, the tapping of a leaf on the window pane, the buzzing of a bee, the vivid coloring of a passing butterfly's wing, have a disturbing and distracting influence—the irresistible voices of nature rendering composition an intolerable labor—and it is only in London, amid the rumble and roar of the crowded traffic, the whirl and jingle of the hansom, the blatancy of the piano-organ, the ceaseless clatter of the 'buses, that they find the repose, the restfulness, and the stimulus for literary work. "One thing about London impresses me," says Lowell in an eloquent passage, "beyond any other sound I have ever heard, and that is the low, unceasing roar one hears always in the air; it is not a mere accident, like a tempest or a cataract, but it is impressive, because it always indicates human will, and impulse, and conscious movement. And I confess that when I hear it I almost feel as if I were listening to the roaring loom of time." Standing by the Bank, Heinrich Heine declared he heard the world's pulse beat audibly. Surely most writers whose lot is cast in London must find inspiration in the audible beating of the world's pulse, or the sound in their ears of the roaring loom of time—in the metaphorical roar of London, that is, if not in its literal noise. As Cowper writes:

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of
retreat
To peep at such a world. To see the
stir
Of the Great Babel and not feel the
crowd.
To hear the roar she sends through all
her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying
sound
Falls a soft murmur on the injured ear.

It is generally agreed that the morn-

ing or the afternoon is the best time of the day for literary work. But that again depends a good deal upon mood and habit and temperament. Brinsley Sheridan's best hours of composition were at night, and he required a profusion of lights around him while he wrote. "I work best by candlelight," said Southey. Mrs. Oliphant stated that for many years it was customary with her to write until two o'clock in the morning. "It is past three at this moment, May 19th, 1895," she added in her "Journal," "but this is no longer usual with me." Thackeray said his best work was done before ten o'clock in the morning, at which hour he breakfasted. He usually devoted the rest of his day to his family and friends. But it was in the middle of the night that the title for his most famous novel "Vanity Fair" suddenly occurred to him. "I jumped out of bed," said he, "and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair! 'Vanity Fair! 'Vanity Fair!'" The story goes that Mrs. Emerson was sometimes startled at night by her husband rising to write down a "happy thought" which came to his mind. "What is the matter? Are you ill?" she would inquire; and the philosopher's soft voice would answer, "No, my dear, only an idea."

Scott in the first years of his literary career wrote generally at night; but on the advice of his physician whom he consulted for nervous headaches, from which he was suffering, he adopted habits of early rising and early work. He was out of bed by five o'clock all the year round, at his desk by six, and by the time that his family and visitors assembled at breakfast, between nine and ten, he had "broken the neck of the day's work." Dickens, on ordinary working days, would write between breakfast and luncheon and devote the afternoon to the correction of what the morning had seen developed. Bulwer Lytton also worked in

the forenoon. "Nobody considers," he wrote, "how much writing may be done between the hours of ten and one if the mind be steadily fixed on the work. When the mind is at ease, the subject clearly laid down, and the heart of the writer in the work, a volume a month—an amount that might frighten a beginner to think of—is mere relaxation." With a serene mind, and high spirits, and a full knowledge of the subject, composition is, perhaps, easy at any time of the day or night. But often the mind is dullest and the spirits heaviest in the morning hours. Cobwebs of sleepiness still hang about the brain. "The morning is my writing time, and in the morning I have no spirits," said Cowper. "So much the worse for my correspondents. Sleep that refreshes my body seems to cripple me in every other respect. As the evening approaches I grow more alert, and when I am retiring to bed am more fit for mental occupation than at any other time. So it fares with us whom they call nervous."

It is curious, too, to note the little superstitions of writers as to the use of particular pens, paper, and ink being conducive to the flow of thought. One can work only on paper of a certain quality and size. Another finds his mind barren of ideas unless he has his favorite pen in his hand. Dickens wrote on blue paper with blue ink. There is the curious case of Pope, "paper-sparing Pope," as his friend Swift described him. He wrote best on scraps of paper. The original copy of his translation of the "Iliad," which may be seen at the British Museum, is a strange spectacle. It is written almost entirely on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the very lines of the letters themselves. Bacon while in the throes of composition had music played in the room adjoining his study. Some writers before sitting down to work light the lamp of their imagina-

tion at the torch of their favorite author. Gray, for instance, always read Spencer as a preliminary to composition. Other writers find the spark to set fire to their intellects more readily in passages from their own pens. "I read my own books hardly at all after once giving them forth," says George Eliot, "dreading to find them other than I wish." But I doubt if that is a very common experience. The average writer finds in some of his own passages the light that lifts the gloom which enshrouds his mind; and like the poet he wonders in his uninspired and commonplace moments at the thought and music which once emanated from his brain:

And when his voice is hushed and dumb,

The flame burnt out, the glory dead,
He feels a thrill of wonder come

At that which his poor tongue has said;

And thinks of each diviner line—

"Only the hand that wrote was mine."

An intellect which will work independently of time and place and circumstance, and of the accidents and worries of life, is a priceless possession to professional writers, who at times must ply their pens, whether or not they feel inclined for literary composition. Unhappily it is not given to all. Force of will, the rigid concentration of the mind on the subject in hand, work wonders in the case of the practised writer to whom the spur of necessity is applied. But the most common experience is that the mind has its variable moods. Even the writer with something to say, and feeling impelled to say it, often sits down at his table and finds himself unaccountably baffled at the moment he puts pen to paper. Distinction, freshness, charm, individuality—all are wanting in the sentences which, after much labor, he succeeds in composing. Intelligence, insight,

and knowledge are still his, but for the moment the free and joyous play of his well-equipped mind is wanting. The literary impulse is gone; the literary afflatus is fled. For the moment the nerve centre of the brain seems paralyzed. Some force is needed to set the intellect in motion. Suddenly the imagination is set on fire by some mysterious electric spark—through the agency, it may be, of a cigarette, a

The Cornhill Magazine.

cup of coffee, a glass of champagne, or a glowing passage from a favorite poet. The jar and fret of nerve is over. The cloud is lifted from the mind. The feeling of mental exhaustion gives place to a conviction of literary power. Ideas come with a rush. This indeed is the literary mood. This, indeed, is the moment of literary inspiration. And composition, losing its throes, becomes a positive rapture.

Michael MacDonagh.

THE RELIGION OF THE RESPECTABLE POOR.

Under the title of "respectable poor," I include all persons who, in the expressive phrase so common among them, "keep a home together."

My friends often say to me: "How terrible it must be to work in the slums." I reply (when I have time), "I do not know exactly what is meant by a slum. I have seen collections of dwellings that seemed to me painfully poor and crowded, but they were homes to the people who lived in them. They even spoke of their 'comforts,' and meant what they said in a literal way."

"Oh!" (in flat and disappointed tones) "I suppose you have never worked in really bad places?"

"I have worked in every district of a large seaport town, in an inland town, in the country, and in what are considered the worst parts of London. I have worked—often after dark and sometimes in the middle of the night—in alleys where I was told that no policeman dared walk alone in broad daylight. But the people who told me that had such obvious enjoyment in the tale that it was probably an ancient legend. Bad and sad things often are. Only the other day I picked up an appeal that came from a well-known and

very worthy charity, but I was not a little scandalized to find it baited with anecdotes which, though I do not doubt their original truth, are literally the same that made my blood run cold twenty years ago."

"But to go into places where there is no religion, where the name of God is never heard!"

"Ah! I have certainly never been there. I remember one small district where, in the course of several months, I only once saw anyone go to church or chapel, and then it was a little ballet girl from Drury Lane, leading a still smaller sister; but I have never entered a lane or an alley, scarcely a single room, where religion was not to be found."

"Then you have only worked among the respectable poor?"

"I have only worked among the poor whom I respected. It is true that I do not know the homeless poor. A district nurse can of course only work where there is *some* kind of a home. She could not, for longer than it would take to fetch an ambulance, nurse a man lying under an archway or by the roadside."

And then my friends turn away disappointed, but exactly why they might

find it as difficult to explain as I to understand.

To count up the churchgoers and chapelgoers, compare the resulting number with the population, and then, if there should be great disparity, argue that the neighborhood is without religion; or to estimate the proportion of children and young persons in places of public worship and then say, "religion has no hold on them when they get older," is a most serious error. It is a confusion of formal outward signs and inward spiritual graces. Many of the poor rarely attend church, not because they are irreligious, but because they have long since received and absorbed the truths by which they live. Many, on the other hand, attend regularly because they have not yet found these truths, and hunger for them. It is acknowledged that there are those in all classes of life who go to church constantly for reasons which have no connection with personal religion. It is too difficult to believe that there are those who attend irregularly, or remain away altogether, not because they are persons of evil courses, or dead to things of the spirit, but because their inward religious life is so strong and so simple that they are independent of any "assembling of yourselves together?" A patient whose life had been one long series of illnesses and troubles said to the clergyman who visited her, "I go to the Fountain Head for strength and guidance. God has always sent it to me in His good time."

To such persons it seems as natural that the young should go to church or chapel, and the middle-aged and old remain at home, as that children should go to school and grown men to the workshop. Often I have seen tollworn men and women smile with indulgent humor at zealous curates and deaconesses—Nonconformist ministers, I must own, are generally quicker to recognize the signs of spiritual experience—pre-

senting to them the crudest forms of elementary truths, and ask, after they had bidden them a courteous farewell, "Do they suppose that my soul is of so little value to my Maker that I should have been left seventy years waiting in darkness for them? Do they think there was no teachers when we was young? Things is changed, but there was always ways o' learning, and there always will be."

We are led too much by words and our own interpretations of them. I once ventured to say to a vicar who knew about as much of his poorer parishioners as the typical military governor of sixty years ago knew of his prisoners, that several of the chapels in the town exercised a strong and wholesome influence in some of the most poverty-stricken districts. "How can that be?" he asked. In all the worst and roughest houses I enter, they tell me, 'we're dissenters,' and I have to clear out before I'm made!" It seemed a revelation to him to learn that Nonconformists are not in the habit of calling themselves Dissenters, but Wesleyans, Baptists, etc., and that the people who had made use of the expression meant, in a few cases, "We are unbelievers," and in most, "We don't want you coming in here just whenever you choose. If you had any manners you'd know when to come."

In face of all the controversial bitterness aroused by the Elementary Education Act, it is curious to observe that my patients and their friends, almost without exception, are not so much indifferent to the dogmas of religion as unconscious of their existence. Even Roman Catholics have asked for my prayers. On the lips of all who are seriously ill I hear but one name, and notwithstanding the strong influence that one would imagine to be exercised on this point by Salvationists, revival meetings and popular hymns, that name is the First Person of the Trinity.

So far is it from being possible to detect the special teaching of this or that sect, that the phrases they utter might come with equal propriety from Jew, Mohammedan, Christian or Hindoo. At other times paucity of language and uncouth expressions exaggerate differences of faith, or create fresh ones. "My religion ain't in these parts," I was told by one very intelligent woman. I listened respectfully, secretly wondering to what strange sect she could belong that found no other adherents in a town of 200,000 inhabitants. I subsequently learnt that the only meaning in the statement was that she had been in the habit of attending the parish church, but having moved beyond walking distance was no longer able to do so.

There is a curious anxiety among the least educated of the poor to secure the services of the vicar or rector in times of illness, however little they may like him, in preference to those of the curate, however earnest and devoted he may be, and even if he should happen to be considerably older and more experienced. It is partly due, no doubt, to the same feeling that makes a pillow laid in place by a ward sister infinitely more restful than the same pillow arranged by the kindest and most skilful nurse; but there is some idea of superior sanctity in the office of a beneficed clergyman, some doubt as to whether a curate is really a priest—a doubt which, strangely enough, never attaches to the position of pastor, however young he may be, or however obscure the sect to which he belongs.

One obvious superiority of Nonconformist ministers in the eyes of the poor is their trained ability to offer up prayers which are at once full of the customary religious phraseology, and yet have some clear bearing on the cases in question, a power which is to a great extent developed in earnest Dissenters, and which is commonly too

much neglected by the clergy of the Established Church. I shall never forget the dull hopelessness with which a dying man listened to an excellent clergyman "reading prayers," and the comfort and spiritual joy that shone afterwards on his face when a young barber's assistant, hearing of his hour of need, came in hastily with his apron still round him, dropped on his knees by the bedside, and uttered a long but simple and heartfelt prayer that at eventide there might be light.

The fear of death endured by this man is very rare among the poor. It is rather the certain hope of death that makes life tolerable to them both in its bitterest moments and in its long-drawn-out struggles against weakness, poverty, ill-health and sin. Often what is called their callousness to the sight of death should rather be traced to envy of those who are dead and at peace. Have they shed few tears? For themselves they wish none to fall.

Heaven is something real, almost tangible, to the poor. "Mother," said a little man of six, worn out with more physical suffering than most of us are called on to endure in a life of ten times the length, "Mother, I want to die." "You can't, Willy. There's—there's—no room for you yet." "How can you say so, mother? Just look how big the sky is!" Yes, the streets were cruelly narrow, the rooms tiny, the gardens a mockery, but mercifully the houses were low, and in the sky he had found his symbol of infinite space and freedom.

Here and there the doctrine of hell fire (for others) is clung to with fierce intensity. I said once to a vigorous and clear-minded though long bed-ridden woman of seventy-six, "You tell me that your mother was good to you and that you loved her; you tell me that you are 'saved' and she was *not*. What happiness, then, can there be for you in heaven?" "Oh, nurse, when

I'm in heaven I shall be so purrfected I sha'n't care *where* she is!" This may be religion, but it seemed to me an intensified form of "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

In popular history the Roman Catholic Church is the one and only persecutor, and among a large section of the English poor it is greatly feared, and any supposed approach towards its practices is viewed with shrinking disapprobation. "Mind you," said a woman to me a few months ago, almost blocking the doorway, "I wouldn't never let none of you in, not if you had no religious ambles." "Quite right, quite right," I said vaguely as I slipped quickly in to the invalid for fear closer scrutiny should reveal anything unsatisfactory in my gait. In the process of attending to her manifold needs it suddenly dawned upon me that the things deprecated were *emblems*.

At the same time the Roman Catholics are the one religious body in England to which members ever fear to own their allegiance. The Anglican, the Jew, the Salvationist, the Bible Christian, the Christadelphian, the Catholic Apostolic, hasten to inform me of their special shades of belief, but if I see reason to think that any poor person is a Roman Catholic, I dare not put a direct question for fear of meeting with a hasty denial. When it is necessary to know, I have to ask some question that takes the leading fact for granted, "How long is it since Father L. was here? Is it Father Z. who visits in this parish?" We pride ourselves on being a tolerant nation, but such timidity looks like the result of very recent persecution.

Few things are more touching, and at the same time more encouraging to all instructors of the young, than to find how the lessons learnt at Sunday School and Bible-classes are valued and remembered in later life. Quite recently an old woman wrote down for

me from memory a religious poem which had been taught to her nearly seventy years before, and which she said she "had always thought of." Her recollections of what she wore, and what the teacher wore, were so keen that I can picture exactly the bright-eyed, spasmodically attentive little creature she was, and what small hope the teacher had that she was doing anything more than, temporarily and imperfectly, "keeping her out of mischief." "Lady Sister, will you read to me?" said a merchant seaman dying a lingering and painful death in a London hospital. I asked what I should read. "Read 'There's a Friend for Little Children.'" I knew something of a sailor's life, and the experiences that probably lay between him and the days when he repeated "Hymns for the Young," but for him all that intervened had been swept away.

A year or two ago I said to a mother, four of whose children had been removed to hospital suffering with typhoid fever, while the three youngest were being nursed at home with the same complaint, "You are having a terrible time of work and anxiety, and it seems to me to make it all the worse to know that the disease was contracted at the factory. You have always kept their home so beautifully for them." "Yes," she said simply, "It's been a hard time, but I've had much comfort in my own mind. Many of the things that I learnt at school, and which had no great meaning to me then, all come back to me now, and it's a great help." One day a speechless and paralyzed lodging-house keeper pointed to her prayer-book and signed that she wished me to read to her. I held the volume before her while with the one hand, over which she retained some control, she found the portion she wished to hear. It was the *Benedicite Omnia Opera*. As she lay there in the pretentious "best-bedroom" of the house

she had so laboriously furnished, it seemed to me even a greater triumph of faith than that of another bedridden sufferer in a wretched cottage on a wind-swept moor three miles away, often left half the day while her feeble old husband toiled into the town to fetch their few necessaries, but who told me with solemn gladness, "I am never alone."

Faith in the efficacy of prayer is very strong among the poor. Recently, at the end of a historic commission, a petty officer, distinguished among brave men for unselfish, instinctive heroism, said to his mother, one of my patients, "I served Long Thomas all the time, and I never got a scratch. Were you praying for me? I *knew* you were!" And I was equally certain that the mother's faith in prayer was of such a spiritual nature that it would have been no whit shaken if at the end of one of those terrible days her son had been counted among the dead.

I speak of spiritual religion among the poor merely to imply that it has little need of outward ceremonies, for it is a religion that takes not only the form of submission, or the nobler one of fortitude, but of everyday effort and selflessness through a lifetime of poverty, suffering, toil and deprivation. It is a religion which makes devoted parents say to one another over the deathbed of their only child, "It is the will of God"; a religion which enables a woman of eighty-four years, filled with hardship and good works, to bear a death of slow agony with unbroken sweetness and serenity, and a religion which made the landlady and her husband, though she could only pay them

a tiny pittance, wait on her day and night, absolutely refusing to allow her to be removed to the workhouse infirmary.

For six years I have watched the un-falling patience and courage of a woman who during the whole of that time has been nursing a paralyzed and unconscious husband, has been responsible day and night for an epileptic step-daughter whose conduct is so violent that we dare not leave our cloaks in the room with her for fear she should tear them to pieces, and who has had to eke out their scanty means by poorly-paid sewing. I do not know of a single pleasure or relief that she has had. It was only last week that she told me the source of her strength to fulfil an unceasing round of repulsive duties. She said, "Every one of my trials is sent to me by God. It is my duty to bear them and do the best I can." There are people who do not hesitate to class her as irreligious because she never enters a church, and immoral because there are doubts as to the validity of her marriage, and it is probable that neither the paralytic nor his afflicted daughter has any legal claim upon her.

Many years' experience of the poorest of the respectable poor have convinced me that deep and true religion is commonly found among them, the chief tenets of which are: The existence of a Supreme Being intimately concerned with the life of men and best served by loving submission and faithfulness to the homeliest duties; the spiritual efficacy of prayer, and triumphant faith in the immortality of the soul.

M. Loane,

Superintendent of District Nurses.

"MADAM": A LADY OF THE MOORLAND.**I.**

We will, if you please, first look out of this little bow-window. The prospect is famous. Has not the wizard among English painters laid his wand more than once upon it? But Turner had an awkward habit of arranging a picture before he painted it. To an eye that knows and loves "the Terrace view" some familiar objects seem certainly to have moved. I prefer to see the picture for myself.

We are perched high on the sharp eastern edge of a ridge of hill, whose shell-like contour has shaped the calm, ancient face of an historic English borough. I see again "the Keep," the towers, the racing river far below, the russet woods, the timeless moors, the blue ranges that melt upon the pale soft English sky. Broad Yorkshire meets her ancient friends, morning sun and western shadow, with that steadfast and tender gravity that only an aged face knows how to wear. And for me, with this worn gray book open upon my knee, thoughts belonging to-day seem to drop away from this window-sill as does the hill's steep side. For what I look on has become also the landscape of a woman's life. To "Madam," *ob.* 1707, *æt. suæ* 81, and lately grown my intimate friend, this wide champaign, despite some childish memories, may well have stood for the world.

To rise from the old book and go out into gray, ancient, up-and-down Richmond, with the names of its seventeen religious foundations still persisting; to stand in the roomy irregular market-place by the town cross, where men and maids but lately stood to be hired; to meet buffeting winds under the ragged castle wall that holds the

grandest donjon tower in England,—all this is to see a vision that is scarcely a dream. Down this narrow street,—still enshrining a departed hospital in its tender name, "*Maison Dieu*,"—out of the stormy past, clad in worn, good clothes and inalienable breeding, comes tripping to meet me a clear-eyed, handsome girl in the maiden dignity of her teens. With "Dafeny," or "Ralfe Ianson," her man, behind her, straight, serious Alice Wandesford, daughter to my late Lord Deputy of Ireland and his honored lady of Hipswell House hard by, turns out of kind Aunt and Godmother Norton's house of "St. Nickolas," across the next field. She glances with a little catching of the heart at old Swale below there, who very lately did his best to drown her, and the said Ralfe, on her way to be "witness to Sister Danby's first Francis, borne at Midlam Castle," then held by my Lord Loftus for the king. Into these irregular streets she fled, running all the way from Hipswell, when she so turned the head of young Captain Innes of the Scots army, that he almost forgot he was a gentleman. Among the massed trees in the mid-distance lies Kirklington, her birthplace. Her stormy girlhood in the old gabled house across the river, where she wedded the man of her mother's choice, and more or less, perhaps rather less, her own; the growing oft-bereaved nursery; the other home under the Hambleton Hills, where, full of years, honor, and sorrow, the aged widow sleeps beside her husband in "their owne ally" in Stonegrave Church,—we know them all, and all about them.

For, on one of the long, long country days of that non-locomotive age, it seemed good to "Madam Thornton," relict of William Thornton of East New-

ton in Ryedale, and still administering his estate and her own, a lady "looked on" by rich and poor, of good learning and a deep piety, has set down in writing some of the facts of her life. "Three small volumes bound in brown leather, closely written in a small hand, not always easy to decipher, two of them five inches by three, the third seven inches by five"—such is the priceless legacy she has left us. Transcribed by a kind Surtees Society and two laborious editors, we read it still in her own words and spelling.

In a sense, every genuine document of the past is priceless: it contains what would otherwise be unobtainable. But in a higher sense the words are true. An old lease, musty churchwardens' and stewards' accounts, a parish register with its columns of long-dead names, its crabbed script—these things are priceless, as Life is priceless. Dead and brown now, once they were of Life itself: born of long silent days, when the sun rose over the same good red earth, the same brown hills; but when old names in yellowing ink were men and women, warm-blooded, young, loving, fighting, yielding up eager lives; when they, not we, possessed, ruled, rejoiced, wept bitter tears over dead babes. If such as these be precious, what shall we say of the "Farming-Book," where a careful father records for his sons the yearly history and seasonable duties, the wise sowings, reapings, spendings, hirings, of his square of upland England? of dusty stacks of brown letters in old sun-warmed attics, passed on to us by the reverent hands of a Lady Verney?

There is a charm, too, in such reading that does not come of age, a fine literary flavor, to which no literature meant to be literature can attain. One does not turn Johnsonian sentences in one's recipe-book, nor count clauses and epithets over a record of crops and lambing. One tells a tale unconscious,

and such a tale is alive. Besides, all said and done, and for whatever reason, our forebears were unquestionably racier people than we are. Dare I hope any one will read my account-book with the joy that I find in that of the first Lord Bristol, with its "necklace of henbane for the (sick) babe,"¹ "to killing not cureing of my good dogge Besse," "to lace to deare Nan's wedding gown, £72; to painting of deare Nan's portrait, £3" (!)? Or what country parson of to-day dares interpolate among his baptisms so dramatic an item as "John Allambrigge his cok beat Christopher Morris his cok. Laus Deo. John Allambrigge, Rector"? A self-conscious age may be one of culture and of beauty; it has lost the morning charm that is born with the child.

Out of all human records, autobiography has a significance given to no other. Who has not laid a great "Life" aside, unable to care for letter or memorial after the live touch of some fragment from the dead hand itself? But an autobiography immune from publisher and reader: busied about "my greate deliverances," "my daughter Naly her smale pox" and moral remarks at four years old, or "the vild hipocrisy of the woman Mrs. Danby"; with no aim but to edify the children, and establish their mother's good name,—here we seem to see the very hand that holds the pen. A long hand it is, finely kept, despite notable housewifery, with the white, oval nails of Sir Philip Lely's ladies. The pen is that of a ready writer, and it has full scope. One can scarce skip one graphic, unparsable sentence, without missing some "plum." Motherly, housewifely, thankful, troubled, this tale knows not how to be dull.

Despite her pious aim, Madam, writ-

¹ I quote from memory of the four fascinating green volumes, privately printed some years back.

ing in her ageing widowhood, must have known hers to be an interesting life. The years between 1626 and 1707 were dark, heroic, epoch-making days in England. Alice Wandesford played in the house of ill-starred Strafford: Madam Thornton saw James Stuart the Second fly to France. To one stormy decade of her youth only apostolic language does justice, a fact which would have pleased her. For was she not in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by her own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils in the sea? From six years old to fourteen she is in Ireland, where, "in the sweet and chaste company of the Earle of Strafford's daughter, the most virtuous Lady Anne, and the Lady Arbella Wentworth," she learnt "the French language, to write and speake the same: singing; danceing; plaieing on the lute and theorbœ"; and "such other accomplishments of working silkes, gummework, sweetmeats, and other sutable huswifery." Her father succeeded Strafford, his cousin and near friend, and enjoyed the distinction of being the only Deputy "who died untouched and peaceably in theire [*sic*] beds." After this event his widow and family, on the outbreak of the Irish Rebellion, after "fourteen daies and nights in greate feares, frightes and hideous distractions and disturbances," got across the sea as far as "the beere house at Neston," and thence to Chester, where they stayed a year and a half, "the wars falling out hott at the time, beeing we were beleagured by Sir William Brewerton's [Brereton's] forces for the parliament." After many tribulations they reached Snape in Bedale, where they spent a year with "my deare Sister Danby" before settling at the mother's jointure-house at Hipswell. As devoted Royalists, the family could not escape trouble. George Wandesford, the Deputy's young heir, was threatened with

sequestration; and Scotch soldiers, to poor Lady Wandesford's great impoverishment and distress, were quartered on the house at Hipswell, causing an alarming but unconsciously humorous episode. "Att length there came one Capt. Innis, which was over that troope we had in towne [Richmond], and he comming on a surprize in to the house, I could not hide mysele from them as I used to do; but comming boldly into my mother's chamber where I was with her, he began to be much more earnest and violent to have staid in the house, . . . who was so vild a bloody looked man, that I trembled all the time he was in the house." He paid her violent court, which "was not to further that desire in me, who did perfectly hate him and them all like a todd in such a kind," so that the poor girl "ran into the towne and hid myself privaty in great feare and afright with a good old woman of my mother's tenants." The Captain revenged himself by selzing Lady Wandesford's "delicate cattell"; "I wente up to the leades to see whether he did drive them away, and he looked up and thought it had bin my deare mother, cursed me bitterly and wished the deale blaw me black and into the ayre and I had bin a thorne in his heele, but he would be a thorne in my side."

So the poor hated lover marched away, and his Alice, having escaped various other undesirable suitors, is presently married to one Mr. William Thornton—the result of a bargain somewhat shocking to a modern mind, by which her brother escaped the threatened sequestration. The higher notes of wedlock seem rarely to be struck in an age when "Love" is so often illicit: and marriage in this case was "matter o' money." "The gentleman," Alice calmly remarks, "seemed to be a very godly, sober and discreet person, free from all manner of vice and of a good

conversation," and also honestly attached; facts which decided Lady Wandesford and Alice, both unworlily to a fault, to "disobleige some persons [i.e., suitors] of very good worth and quality," and close with a poor match for the Deputy's daughter, whose heart is clearly untouched. She was "exceedingly sattisfeld in that happle and free condition, wherein I injoyed my time with delight," and had before her the example of poor Sister Danby, who "died of her 15th child in her 30th year"! Mr. Thornton, however, persuaded her that, despite his Papist and Presbyterian relations, they were at one in religious principle; he was an honest man, and she trusted him. The young pair lived at Hipswell with Lady Wandesford till her death eight years later, as his house at East Newton was still to build. One guesses that, while the adored mother lived, the girl's heart had not room for a second passion; but she lives to be a dutiful, even a loving wife, and a heart-broken widow. He proved a kind husband, but sadly a tiresome, incapable of taking proper care of himself or their affairs; and leaving her so deep in debt, that she had much ado to educate her children, and save the goods that were her mother's and her own.

With marriage, wars and rumors of wars pass out of the story, which becomes an innocent, graphic, family record of the births, ailments, and, alas! deaths of children, the sins of tiresome relations, and the money worries of a clever and vigorous woman with an encumbered estate on her hands. It ends long before her death, while she had still to lose her beloved Robin, the only son saved out of four; besides the son-in-law so dear to her plous heart. Two only of her nine children survived her.

Ah! the old gray book, from whose pages the dead woman stirs, and rises, vivid, simple, outspoken, in her habit

as she lived. Solemnly, tenderly, like one who stirs the moss from the letters upon some honored tombstone, across all the years one meets her eyes, human with the inevitable and inscrutable pathos of a life not imagined, but lived.

Thus, no otherwise, we read.

II.

Through the clear practical mind of Madam we look, as by a loophole, upon the world she lived in.

Her England differs from ours, much as a boisterous gale is unlike the subtle and silent air-movements of a quiet summer day. It throbs with the loud echoes of war and tumult, and the earth-shakings of political change and rechange. One realizes them all, but this least keenly when Alice makes her dignified efforts to record the great events of her day. Her dissertations on the "martiredomes" of Strafford and Charles I., and the Restoration of "our dread souveraine Lorde," express with fervor and at some length the proper and conventional sentiments of a well-bred Royalist lady. Here she comes near to be tiresome, for she is not imaginative, and these things reach her by hearsay. Not so when her own ears and eyes are her instructors, and the world's history her own. Then our view becomes instantly vivid. Chester and the Irish troubles group round a little anxious party of travellers; the Scots incursion produces Captain Innes; and Marston, or, as Alice calls it, "Hessome Moor," means a schoolboy escapade of young Christopher Wandesford's, whose elder brother meets him riding out of York, "towards the moore with other boys, which was going in their simplicitie to see the bataille."

Coming to us so, the whole story throbs with life, freshness, and a charm indescribably quaint and tender. It becomes one rich mass of suggestion and vivid priceless detail, sweet with

the fragrance of family love and the glamor of great days.

Most intimate and telling of all, come to us the religious upheavals of those "troublous" days. As becomes the daughter of a father who read family prayers three times a-day, and made in dying a "most heavenly and pathetical confession of his faith," followed by the "solemn pronounciation of absolution, in order to the Churchis command," Madam lived and died a devoted member of the Church of her carefully-recorded baptism, such as only persecution could create. "The wars" meant for her merely the troubles of a household of women in a disturbed country, for she belonged to no fighting man. Her Church's fortunes are hers and her children's, and she records with passion the "sad and dismal times of distraction," when king and archbishop have gone to their deaths.

Episcopal rule has been swept away by "Scotch presbitry." Those now in power "called the whole Service a dry morcell," "colde meate," and "despised the Lords Praier as drie and insipid."

This devout communicant never received confirmation till her daughter was married and of age to share it with her: we have indeed no positive evidence that she ever did. She bitterly mourns over her deprivation of Communion for "above two whole yeares" after her coming to East Newton. Lady Wandesford's clerical friends—she appoints no less than nine to take part in her funeral—visited often at Hipswell and supplied the family's needs; but "at Stonegrave there was not then any minister which did administer the Sacrament, nor had don there for many yeares."

At Kirlington "our goode Mr. Siddall," who married Alice, and whose appointment by Lady Wandesford cost her son sequestration, was ejected, and Fairfax, though an old acquaintance,

refused all Lady Wandesford's prayers for his reinstatement.

"But," goes on Madam, in her righteous indignation, "when that man he [Fairfax] sent, came to the Church to prate, for preach he could not, being nothing of a scoller, the poore people in the Church was soe grieved, they came all out of it and left him; who, they said, spoke and railed against the Lord's Praier in Yorke Minster, saing they were all damned that used it, for it was popish invention. When he had uttered those railings and blasphemous words against this most holy praler, there was a poore old woman in the churche att the time, when she heard him, rose of her seate in the ally and shooke it in her hande, ready to throw it at him, cryed out, 'They were no more damned than himselfe, old hackle-backe,' and made him come downe with shame"!

This lively scene suggests an English Jenny Geddes!

East Newton, to return there, depended for five years on the ministrations of "my brother Denton," husband of Mr. Thornton's sister, a Presbyterian, who held the living of Oswaldkirk close by. He resigned it, "haveing some scruples," in 1662, and retired to live with the Thorntons. Alice has a great opinion of him,—naturally, for, besides goodness and piety, he seems to have spent his days keeping Mr. Thornton out of scrapes,—but "I confesse his nonconformitie did much trouble me, and I endeavored with my smale mite to discourse that bussinesse" (poor brother Denton!). "I durst not adventure to receive the Holy Sacrament of him, not beeing episcopally ordeined." In 1663, the old order restored brought them Mr. Comber, as curate to a new rector of Stonegrave. The presence of this earnest scholarly youth greatly rejoiced Madam, for he "preached constantly both ends of the day, expounded methodically uppon every holy day throughout the yeare,

and catechized all the children and youth in the whole parish, which we had not bin used to that good way, tho' much desired it, and the youth much improved by his catechizing. Att the first he was tabled at George Masterman: from there he removed to Ness, to Mr. Tullye's, who was much in love with his person and preaching." But Mr. Thornton, good man, thinking this too far from the Church, and that "it was a great pitty that he was obleiged to be with suche a kinde of a rude house," straightway took him into his own as domestic chaplain, and, when threatened with his departure, actually "leased the living" from the rector at £100 a-year, to keep him. The young scholar had found his life's home. He brought Mr. Thornton into full relations with Madam's Church, and eventually became his patron's son-in-law, a match much looked down on by the Thornton and Wandesford families, even to the provoking of slander, triumphantly refuted, against Madam, who certainly set her heart on the marriage. He died Dean of Durham in 1697, and she, ten years later, goes to her grave still dreaming of restoring the "chappell" at East Newton, "long since demolished."

Next to Heaven, for Madam, came Home. Hers, indeed, after the tender Indian proverb, was "not a hearth, but a woman." The live touch of the mistress on her tiny world of East Newton throbs still through all the minute, unconscious picture of country life in Northern England two hundred and fifty years ago. The mist of years breaks between us and the wide, airy seventeenth-century house, with its long passages and noble kitchen-chimney, bright with "pewter and brass" marked "Alice Wandesford"; its low wainscoted "parlores," broad latticed windows, and dignified "scharlett chamber," where Alice Comber was married. Characteristically, we have

no record of the addition and rebuilding done by Mr. Thornton. Madam and those she wrote for knew the place too well to need one. Her parents, when they went to housekeeping, made all their furniture at home, a frugal course possible in happy days, when each village community possessed workmen capable of supplying all its needs. Lady Wandesford's liberal bequests to Alice, "all sett downe in an inventory before her death," saved the Thorntons this outlay, "goode Dafney" testifying proudly that "Mr. Thornton had not a bed or any household goods in this house, or anywhere else, before he married"; and this gift could not be taken for his debts, and secured to Madam for her life the appointments and household comfort of a lady of quality. The sunny place stands in its wide gardens, quiet and ordered and undisturbed, "a mile from any village or house of equal repute." Times grow hard. After the debts are paid, life drops into the minor key of economy; and Madam shows a plaintive consciousness of falling below her "condition." But house and home still are hers, in her careful hands dignified and hospitable to the last, if frugal and faded; and she visits as ever with the best of the neighbors, "my deare Lady" this and Madam that. With a country home of that day, "outside tradesmen" had little concern. The "quicke goods," "cowses formilke," and "sheepe," browse in the deep meadow grass close by, fowls cost nothing, and Madam would as soon buy jewels as any one else's bread and beer. In the stable there still are "horsses," then an almost indispensable luxury, besides "an old coach lined with blew Chiney," and "armes" (pistols?) "and buff coate for the Lt. horsses" (whatever he was), though with the pathetic note, "being all very old." There are big Yorkshire fires in the wide chimneys, for Madam has "saved the woods" at Laistrop

more than once from unwise barter; old silver at table, with the Wandesford crest; in Madam's cabinet a "green emerald jewell of aleven stones and three pearle drops in it set in golde"; and above stairs, in a worn, well-ordered chamber, besides "stooles, chaires, a standing cabinet, and a sweetmeate box," there stands a "scarlett bedd" valued at £40, though Madam compares it ill with Sir John Gibson's, "a very riche flowred silke damaske bedd, with all answerable to it of the same." The wide warm rooms are full of quiet business and the voice of the wheel, as becomes a mistress who can leave to daughters and grandchildren "fine lawn and hollan spreading sheets and pillowbers," besides "huggaback" and "my diaper tabling and napkins which I span myselfe." They received, too, "my weding bodles and crimson stomacher of flowred sattin," besides "my new cloth mourning manty and petecoate": a granddaughter, probably the young mother of the family, has "my fine hollan Christening sheet with buttons for it, during her life," afterwards to other grandchildren; and, most precious of all, comes "to my dear daughter Comber my harpsicall virginalls for her life," afterwards strictly entailed. "To be used in the chappell or within the mansion-house," this notable needlewoman bequeaths table-cloths and cushions too minutely described for quotation, "also the wood table that stands under the hall window at the great parlour door." "My great Bible with the black velvet cover" and a big Prayer Book to be bought by the executors, are kept for religious use only, "in my house or chappell"; and "unto the chappell" never "rebuilted," "my great bras pot of bell mettle to be cast into a bell, and there to remain for ever." Ah! where is it now?

Through the living rooms, in sick-chambers, in the "milke-house" and the

"boulting-house," maids and men move soberly, trusted and loyal friends of the family they serve for life, or till they marry one another: the Iansons and the Lightfoots, "Hanna Ableson and Margery Milbanke," good nurses, who "keepe" young Robin "in his smale pox": "Nan Wellburne" and "Besse Poore," maids who, at different times, nearly burn the house down: Joseph Browning the coachman, "a verry caireful man"; and last, not least, the beloved, invaluable "Dafeny," in whose arms "sweete Sister Danby" dies, who prays beside the honored mother, and saves Alice from plunder at the "apprizement" for Mr. Thornton's debts, by identifying all "my ladie's goodes" by her own careful marks. "Dafney" marries George Lightfoot and shares all "my mistresse's" troubles, even to recommending "good cozen Anthony Norton" for appointment as her trustee. "I did give Dafeny for herselfe, as a token of gratitude, a young cove and calfe to sustain her house, with other good things; and sent her husband a bible and a pounce of tobaco."

Through the picture everywhere the children flit, in panelled chambers and airy barns with swings in them, sick and sound, merry and sad. Of those lost, baby Betty stayed eighteen months before she "held up those sweete eyes and hands to her deare Father in heaven, looked up and cryed in her language, 'Dad, dad, dad,' with such vemeny as if inspired to delliver her sweete soule, and went out of this miserable world like a lamb." The three who grow up we know well. Beloved "Naly" (Alice), "a goode and gracious childe, beeing both deare and tender to me," has many "delliverances," as when "the maides at St. Nickolas" would take her to see the "shew of all kindes of sports and country expretions of joy" on the Restoration, when "they had soldiers and the townsmen of Richmond appeared in ar-

mour": though her mother knew she would be "soe extreemly scaired at these things when the musketts went of soe fast that she was ready to fle out of Jane Flour's armes her maide and did srike and crie soe extreemly and in extremity fell into most dreadful fitts of convolutions there in Mr. Smithson's shop." At fifteen she turns into dignified "daughter Comber" by a marriage whose secrecy, dictated by "our adversarye's malice" and Madam's recent widowhood, seems doubtfully wise to "brother Denton," who declines to give her away; though, says Madam, "this business was transacted with great gravity and piety," and "a juste halfe yeare" later, all relations invited to "an hansom entertainment" with "a good supper and those usuall solemnities of marriage of getting the bride to bed."

Kate, "very full of sport and play," is "a very brave strong childe and full of mettle," who will play with "pinnes, putting of them in to her mouth," till one wellnigh "choaks" her. She grows up to make two imprudent marriages.

The beloved son, Robin, with his baby pieties, is the joy of his mother's heart. "His first tyeing cloths was mourning for his father," and, at "six yeares old and four months," he comforts "her deepe distress of sorowes, on her owne birthday, in the afternoone," "with so greate a compassion, affection and deareness and tenderness as can never be forgott": she being overcome with grief, when "I with my poore ability was in teaching my deare and only son to read and hear him catechisme, psalmes, and praiers, gitting proverbs by heart and many such like dutys." He was scarcely four, poor lamb, when, terrified at his father's too Puritan version of the Fall, he "cryed out and with a great passion of teares, said, Must he dy for eating God's aple? He was sure he did not eat God's aple, and must he dy? with abundance of

sorrow and bitterness, as if he had really seene this with his eyes." At nineteen he went to University College, Oxford, became Fellow of Magdalen, and crowned his mother's hopes by dying Rector of Boldon.

The house-mother, who bequeaths "all my Physicall bookes and recepts, with my stock of salves and oyntments," does not fail to give us daily details of sickness, medical science, and home pharmacy, sometimes rather heart-rending. The infant mortality appals a modern mind, the poor babes dying of nothing at all, unless of ignorance: Alice saves three out of nine, Sister Danby seven of fifteen; and the mothers suffer hideously, at every birth preparing to die. Yet it is all painfully funny. Every illness brings you "in greate danger of deathe," recovery being by special intervention of Heaven; whether from a bad bilious attack or the awful "smale pox," grim hints of whose dreadful ravages make one shudder. Yet at moments of terrifying accident, the women, usually the only doctor, seem wonderfully cool and on the spot. Remedies are various. If you are bad enough and rich enough to send for the "physitian," he immediately "letts you blood," probably "6 or 7 ounces": sometimes he sends you to "Scarborough Spaw," or to "the bathes and Bristoll water, St. Vincent's Well (uppon which rock hanging over it is gott the Bristow diamonds)." Little Betty is taken to "St. Mungno's Well" near Knaresbro'. This, according to Alice's favorite Dr. Wittle, "is a quicke spring of greate repute for curing the riketts in children whom they dip into it naked and hold them in a little while, but they must observe to dip five, seven, or nine times, according to custom, or some think it will not do." Poor baby! No wonder "that deare sweete angell did continually grow worse!"

For ague you take "a medecin of

London treacle"; as a tonic "a meadicle made of muskedine" recommended by "my noble and worthy friend, Madam Grahme"; for "a melancholicke humour," "leaches and gentle course of phisicke, spring and fall." After smallpox, Naly has "a pearle on her eye," for which she takes "waters and a meadice to the wrests of her arms, which sweate (qy., sweat or sweet?) Mrs. Backe did advise." The Lord Deputy, when "pigeons cut was laid to the soles of his feete, smiled and said, "Are you come to the laste remidie? But I shall prevent youre skill."

Madam, at four years old, eats some "beefe not well boiled, causing an extreame vomitting, whoes violence drove me into great feaver, and that into the meassells" (1). Mr. Thornton's mother dies of "a vomit of antemoney to strong for her stomache": Sir Edw. Osborne of eating too many "mellons" from his "gardens at Thorpe and Keeveton." Young Christopher Wandesford is "exceedingly tormented with the fitts of the spleen, havelng taken them uppon the death of his father, with greife in the church at his funerall selzeing them upon him," which mysterious ailment is at last cured by the great York physician, Dr. Bathurst.

Sudden illness is regarded widely as "an omen." Even Mr. Thornton, who "did condemne me for relating several ominous dreames," is gravely disturbed at his wife's attack on the afternoon of their wedding-day; which appears to a modern mind to be due to indigestion, though "my mother did beleelve that washing of my feete at that time of the yeare was the cause of that dangerous fitt."

"Portents" are not lacking. Why does no awful event follow the "great and totall eclips of the sun in 1652," "it being soe darke in the morning at breakfast time and came soe sudainly on us that in a bright sunshine morning that he could not see to eate his break-

fast without a candle. I could not re-fraine going out into the garden and looke on the eclips in water, discovering the power of God so great to a miracle, Who did withdraw His light from our sun so totally that the sky was darke and starres appeard, and a colde storme for a time did possess the earth."

Dreams, too, are touchingly and anxiously recorded. "I dreamed one night that I was laid in childe-bed, had the white sheet spread, and all over it was sprinkled with smale drops of pure blood, as if it had been dashed with one's hand. I kept it in mind till my child died." Madam, indeed, scarcely distinguishes her recorded dreams from second-sight, though to us they are more suggestive of a burdened mind: as when, having been locked into her bedroom overnight (apparently her custom) by Jane Flower, she dreams that "Nettleton's balyes are in the house," and wakes to find Jane waiting to tell her so. Half a year before her brother's death she dreams "the manner and all sircumstances about it, that he refrained that river after I told him my dreame." Mr. Thornton's dream eighteen months before his death that "he should live but forty-seven daies longer," in no way shakes her faith, though she cannily takes him to the doctor. But then Mr. Thornton was the kind of man with whom things "fall contrary." His "best laid schemes gang aft agley," the muddles he makes are endless, and Madam, poor soull must have known better than to expect his dreams to come true.

III.

And the woman herself, centre and meaning of the picture, what like is she?

So frank and simple is her tale, the daily speech, unconscious and graphic, of an upright soul with nothing to

hide, that we know Madam as we know only our intimates. Our eyes dwell on her, "sitting on the longe settle in my chamber," in her widow's weeds, with worn eyes that seem to ask whether hers is to be the arid portion of surviving every child that she has borne and loved; yet loving on, tender, careful for them, till the end: a lady and a Wandesford to her last fibre, so long as the breath is in her.

Few men and fewer women make on one so strongly the impression that they "move all of a piece." From early girlhood to late age she is to be reckoned with as a strong thing that one knows. The main lines of motive and aim in her do not shift; and she displays all an Englishwoman's obstinate constancy, alike to the worst-grounded of her opinions and the most honored of her friends.

Nature has given her a warm heart, a strong will, an excellent head, and a somewhat frail body. From "a noble gentleman of very comely presence," who, at a stormy moment, when "Sir E. Coke wept," broke forth in Parliament with "Let us recollect our English hearts and not sit still, but do our duties," she inherits fine old blood, an integrity bracing and stern as the strong wind of their moorlands, and that strenuous, anxious, patient plety of which, in a day of great causes, English gentlemen were not ashamed. His beautiful lady gives her a dutiful temper, the high example of a wife and mother whom her grown sons worshipped, and the notable housewife's dainty hand. She grows up an essentially serious person, but one cannot deny the gift of humor to one who framed the clause, "Item, if any person mentioned in my will be not satisfied with their share of goods or legacies bequeathed to them, the person so dissatisfied shall loose the benefit of the goods and legacies bequeathed." The training of an eventful and a thought-

ful age combined some acute knowledge of the world with the accomplishments and the culture of a high-bred lady; and Life, bearing bitter sorrow, yet withal pure joys, finds the girl not ill-equipped to meet her. But one chief bliss she brings not. For this fine creature the highest note is never struck. There is a touch of tragedy in the history which weds with honest, foolish Mr. Thornton, a woman who, in the hand of Love, had made a Rachel Russel. One's heart rises at the sight of her, writhing in the grip of humiliation and distress, as he worries and sells and loses, travelling always down the hill; while punctilious ladyhood and wifely duty forbid her one home-truth of sound criticism, one complaint reflecting on her wedded master. Yet for Madam love could cover the multitude of sins, or of weaknesses even harder for a strong thing to bear. Had she loved the man, her championship of him had been a poem.

The Spring of Romance that runs strong in her, yet of whose sweetest waters she never tastes, overflows in a passionate motherhood, too often heart-broken. Tender nursery phrases lie on her lips like kisses.

Another outlet, too, it finds if Mr. Thornton were truly, as he assured his betrothed, "for moderated episcopacy and kingly government," yet "his conscience," like Bailie M'Wheeble's "never did him any harm." But Madam's was one of the faithful hearts that could only bleed for their king. In face of sequestration, poverty, relations-in-law, she remains staunch, deserving to the full the Frenchified praise bestowed by Prince Charlie on loyal Mr. Oliphant of Gask, who "never derogated from his principals." She never comes so near complaint of her husband as when he refuses to a short-lived son, born at the Restoration, the sacred name of Charles.

Akin is that loving honor for her

noble dead, no mean arrogance of family pride, but a fine heritage whose memory inspires her in darkest days. Through marriage and motherhood, for richer for poorer, her weary head is held high, as becomes Christopher Wandesford's daughter. She is never too poor to help some luckless nephew, or give house-room to his evil-tongued wife and her slanderous "maide Barbary," till Mr. Thornton (at his best moment) "did like that wench downe staires." Her long record starts with a vivid baby memory of the first Kirklington home, where "I was following my maide, Sara Tomlinson, who calred my brother Xtopher in her armes and I took hold of her cote" and tumbled, poor babe, on "the cornerstone of the harth, and broke the skull of my forehead (!) in the very top so grievously about an inch long that the skin of the braine was seene"! And one can scarcely know her without reading in her own words the following episode.

It is Easter Monday 1651. On the Saturday good sister Alice, grieved by a heavy quarrel between her brothers, George and Christopher, has, to her great comfort, persuaded them to be "reconciled," that all might join, a loving family, in the Easter Communion. The Monday brings to Hips-well George, a gallant and accomplished gentleman of twenty-eight, to talk family business with his mother, "after his obeisance and craiving her blessing"; who

"was sudainly surprysid at that instant of his comeling up with much feares for me, who was soe violently tormented with a paine in the righte side of my necke among the sinnews &c. which caused me to cry out in extreamlty: nor could she imagine what was the cause, only she still anoynted it with oyle of roses. My brother, seeing me in such paine, asked how it came, of which I could give noe other account haveing bin as well before as ever till I was combelng my head towards the right

hand and binding my necke as he came up the staires and ever since it had helde me grievously. This was the circumstance of that straining paine which held me strongly till about halfe an houer which was the very time of his drowning. . . . After his walking three or four turnes about the chamber in his studieng of his bussinesse, till my thoughts I saw a greate deale of change, he looked so seariously and soberly, as if there was some great change neare, but what I knewe not, only feared the worst that we should be deprived of him whom I so dearly loved. He in a very reverent manner kneeled downe and asked blessing at his going out againe not long before: which my mother tooke notice of, praieing God Almighty to bless him, and said, 'Sonn, I gave youe my blessing, but even now: how cometh it that you take so solemne a leave of me?' He answered, 'Forsooth, I cannot have your prayers and blessing for me too often'; and so with her pralers for him in his preservation, and his most humble obeisance in a dutifull manner, he took his leave, bidding me 'Fairwell, deare sister, I hope to find you better at my returne home.' I likewise praied him to have a care of himselfe; and lookinge after him, I thought he had the sweetest aspect and countenance as I ever saw in him and my heart was even full of feares for that we should losse him, there was soe great and intire an affection for him on whom we did all much depend: and speaking of this to him, he said, I was allwaies full of feares for him, but he did not deserve it: and this was the last parting we had in this world, with abundance of deare love and affection betwixt us as we ever had in our lives together."

Then follows the grievous story of his drowning in the Swale, which he had to ford to get to Richmond, in a sudden flood resembling Jean Ingelow's "eygre." For, "when it comes from the Dales it falles with a mighty mountaineous force sudainly. And he rode alone."

This is the voice of passion and of

pathos, yet literary style Alice Thornton has none. She is too definite in her impression not to keep to the point; and she has an educated mind. But the moment she is interested, all writer's consciousness departs, and with it, frequently, as quotation has shown, her grammar. Her sentences wander and twist, overcrowded with details, each of which is a jewel; midway "Mrs. Thornton" (as her patient editor often remarks) "inserts a thanksgiving, which may be omitted"; and her use of the conjunctive "which" would do no discredit to its great exponent, Mrs. Sarah Gamp. Yet wherever we wander or wind, nothing interferes with our graphic and acute understanding.

Spelling in that day was apparently a matter of personal taste; stops are irrelevant interruptions; vowels mean what you like; the same names are written six different ways; and the more important the subject the more capitals and consonants, a respectful rule still obtaining among the serious poor. Madam's Roundhead colonels are written much as to-day, but a good King's man has four *Us*, if not two *na*.

Evidence is not lacking that she was
Blackwood's Magazine.

a reader. She copies a telling poem of Francis Quarles into her book: "The Honble Sir Christopher Wyvill, Baronett," sends her an originall "elegie" on her brother's death; and she herself tries somewhat a 'prentice hand at the like. She bequeaths "my library of bookes" to a grandson, and fully appreciates the controversial theology of Mr. Comber, and "deepe discourse" (not omitting argument) with brother Denton.

So moves through her simple picture a loyal, dignified, English gentlewoman, vigorously alive amid the stark conventions of her age, all unconscious how precious a gift she leaves to a day so different: a strong woman, a faithful soul, whose loves endure: who in hours dark or bright looks upward, giving thanks in the pit, and prays, "holding up holy hands."

So farewell, dear Madam! farewell to graphic phrase and unmanageable sentence: to son Robin, and "Dafeny" and good brother Denton, and the old, warm, wide-windowed house. Farewell! "The veil drops from trembling fingers," and the pale mists of two long centuries creep up and hide you once more.

Mary J. H. Skrine.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES. THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

I.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

My dear Doctor,—It would be a *great solace and satisfaction* to me if you would in future kindly change your hour of call from half-past eleven to *half-past ten* every morning.

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 27. Editha Baring-Rayne.

II.

Dr. Tunks to Mrs. Baring-Rayne.
(By hand.)

My dear Mrs. Baring-Rayne,—Your very reasonable request puts me, I regret to say, in a position of some delicacy. It has long been my habit to call on Miss Cann at half-past ten, and Col. Stubbs at eleven, reaching you at 11.30. Both these patients have been

in my care for some years, and I feel sure that you will see at once on reading this how difficult it would be for me suddenly to change a custom of such long standing. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 27. Wilbraham Tunks.

III.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

Dear Doctor,—I am sorry to say that I cannot share your view. Health, as I often heard you say, is the *most important thing* there is, and I am convinced that my health would *in every way* benefit if I could begin the day *earlier*. I have been reading a very interesting pamphlet on the subject of early rising, and am convinced that to wait for you until half-past eleven, when so much of the *sweetest and freshest part of the day* is over, is a *great mistake*. Of course when I wrote I assumed that you have been sincere in your interest in my health, and would immediately comply with so *simple a request*. But life, as I have often heard you say, is but *one long disillusionment*.

Yours sadly,

Editha Baring-Rayne.

Oct. 27.

IV.

Dr. Tunks to Miss Cann.
(By hand.)

My dear Miss Cann,—I have been thinking lately a good deal about your new pains, and I cannot help feeling that it would be better if you were to rest longer in the morning before being disturbed. I therefore propose in future to call at 11.30 instead of 10.30, at any rate for a sufficient time to test the accuracy of this theory. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 27. Wilbraham Tunks.

V.

Miss Cann to Dr. Wilbraham Tunks.
(By hand.)

My dear Doctor,—Your letter has so shaken me that I fear the worst. It is quite impossible for me, as I thought you knew, to remain in bed so long. I know of nothing so depressing as these long, solitary morning hours. Please never refer again to the subject, and believe me.

Yours sincerely,
Victoria Cann.

P.S.—Sometimes I think it would be better for all of us if I gave up the struggle altogether.

V. C.

VI.

Dr. Tunks to Mrs. Baring-Rayne.
(By hand.)

My dear Mrs. Baring-Rayne,—It grieves me exceedingly to have to say so, but I see no possible way of meeting you in your request as to change of visiting hours. Nor can I agree with the author of your pamphlet that it would be well for you to begin the strain and worry of the day a minute earlier than you now do. You must, however, do as you think fit. As you know, I am the last person to wish to impose any tyrannical system upon my patients and friends. I should also say that Miss Cann, much as I should like to effect an interchange of hours, is not, I consider, in a sufficiently robust state to bear it. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 27. Wilbraham Tunks.

VII.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

Dear Doctor,—You of course know best, but from the number of tradesmen's carts that draw up at Miss Cann's door it is clear that *she* at any rate has an *appetite*. Whereas I, *as you know*, have eaten *nothing for years*. But it is evident that there is more

in this distressing business than *meets the eye*, and I shall therefore take my own steps to protect my health. Do not therefore call to-morrow at all.

Yours truly,
Editha Baring-Rayne.

Oct. 27.

VIII.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Mr. Llewellyn Boakes, M.R.C.S.
(By hand.)

Mrs. Baring-Rayne presents her compliments to Mr. Llewellyn Boakes, and would be glad if he would call to see her to-morrow morning at half-past ten.

Oct. 27.

IX.

Mr. Boakes to Mrs. Baring-Rayne.
(By hand.)

Mr. Llewellyn Boakes will have great pleasure in calling upon Mrs. Baring-Rayne to-morrow morning. He regrets, however, that owing to appointments with other patients he will be unable to reach Mrs. Baring-Rayne at the hour she names, but he will be at her house certainly not later than eleven-thirty.

Oct. 27.

Extract from a letter from Mrs. Baring-Rayne to her Sister-in-law.

If you ask why my letter is so dismal, it is because I have lost my regular medical attendant. It is a long story, but owing to a *very curious line of conduct* which he chose to take up, we . . .

Nov. 2.

X.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Mr. Boakes.
(By hand.)

Dear Mr. Boakes,—I have been feeling of late so *much worse—much worse*
Funch.

than I have told you, for it is not right to burden others with *all our troubles*—that I have been reading a little pamphlet which has decided me upon a complete change of routine, the leading principle of which is *total avoidance of all vegetable food*. Although I do not as a rule put any faith in such literature, yet I am convinced that the writer of the pamphlet in question—a member of your profession, by the way—*tells the truth*. Knowing as I do from remarks that you have let fall that you are *largely a vegetarian*, I feel that under these circumstances to ask you to continue your visits would be not only wrong and *tactless* on my part, but *painful to yourself*.

Yours very truly,
Nov. 4. Editha Baring-Rayne.

XI.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

My dear Doctor,—I have been a very *impulsive and masterful* woman, but all that is over. My heart to-day is *like a little child's*, that knows its *true friends*. Do let us forget this terrible week of misunderstanding and cross purposes. I shall expect you to-morrow morning at half-past eleven just as in the *old days*. Imaginative sympathy is so rare.

Yours sincerely,
Editha Baring-Rayne.

P.S.—How odd is this occasional re-appearance of old *forgotten* characteristics! You know how *gray*, how *sad*, how *humble*, my life is. Yet suddenly there breaks out this mood of imperiousness, which years ago at school earned me the nickname of Boey (short for Boadicea). Where has it been slumbering all this time? These are among the mysteries.

E. B.-R.

Nov. 4.

WOMAN IN CHINESE LITERATURE,

The Chinese symbol for man is a picture of a human biped, and this symbol includes woman. A Chinese female says, equally with a Chinese male, "I am a man." If it is necessary to emphasize sex, another word is added to "man," for men as well as for women, in order that the gender may be clear.

One of the oldest allusions in Chinese literature to women is the much-exploited verse of the *Odes* which tells us that when a girl is born she should be couched upon the ground in token of humility, have a tile to play with in token of the weight which will some day hold the distaff, and indulge in no thoughts beyond her cookery and a constant desire to spare her parents pain. Such was the simple view of woman's sphere which appealed to the ballad-writer of China nearly three thousand years ago.

In the *Book of Rites*, a comparatively modern compilation, dating only from the century before the Christian era, but embodying the precepts and practices of earlier centuries, we find explicit regulations as to the daily life of women, many of which are in full force at the present day. Therein we are told that men and women should not sit together, nor use the same clothes-horse, towel, or comb, nor pass things to one another, lest their hands should touch. Even at sacrifices and funerals a basket should be used by the women as a receptacle for things handed by and to her. Brothers- and sisters-in-law must not ask one another questions, not even, so says one commentator, as to the state of each other's health; the brothers of a girl who is betrothed may not sit on the same mat with her, nor eat out of the same dish.

In ancient times it was not etiquette for a woman to stand in a chariot; this, says one commentator, was in order to make a distinction between men and women. But another commentator, a descendant of Confucius, gives a more kindly reason: "Woman has a delicate frame; she cannot stand in a chariot. Men stand, but women sit." They sat on the left hand of the driver, next to the hand which was occupied with the reins. This, we are told, was a measure of precaution, lest the driver should put his arm around the lady's waist!

The life of a woman was divided under three phases, known as the "Three Obediences"; while young she was to obey her father and elder brother, after marriage she was to obey her husband, and after her husband's death she was to obey her son. She was to put up her hair at fifteen and to be married at twenty—the age has been lowered in modern times—choice of a husband resting entirely in the hands of her parents, aided always by a third person to carry communications between the two contracting families. So say the *Odes*:

How do we proceed in splitting fire-wood?

Without an axe it cannot be done.

How do we proceed in taking a wife?

Without a go-between it cannot be done.

Passing into her husband's family and taking his name at marriage, the wife is henceforth to wait upon his parents with the same devotion that she has shown towards her own. At cockcrow she must be up and ready with warm water and towels beside her father- and mother-in-law's bed; together with many other similar observ-

ances which still exist on paper, but have long since fallen into desuetude.

There are five classes of men to whom a Chinese girl will not be given in marriage; viz., to the son of a rebellious family, to the son of an immoral family, to a man who has been convicted of a criminal offence, to a man with a loathsome disease, and to an eldest son who has buried his father, i.e. the son being of an age at which he could have already contracted a marriage before his father's death.

There are seven reasons which justify divorce; viz., bad behavior towards father- and mother-in-law, no children, adultery, jealousy, loathsome disease, garrulousness, and stealing. But there are three conditions under which the above seven reasons fall to justify divorce; viz., if the wife has no home to go to, if she has twice shared the period of three years' mourning for a parent-in-law, and if she has risen with her husband from poverty to affluence.

We read in the *Rites* that a married woman is called *fu*, to denote her submission (*fu* "to submit") to her husband; but the *Po Hu T'ung*, a work of the first century A.D., tells us that the wife is called *ch'ü*, to denote that she is the equal (*ch'ü*, "level") of her husband. The latter book also says that a woman cannot hold independent rank of her own, but that, in the quaint Chinese idiom, "she sits according to her husband's teeth" (seniority).

In Chinese numeration the odd numbers are regarded as female, and the even male; not because they are so absolutely, but because the female and male principles predominate, with varying percentages, in the odds and evens, respectively. Seven is the female number *par excellence*, containing, as is supposed, a larger percentage of the female principle and a smaller percentage of the male principle than any

other unit. At seven months, according to the *Su Wen*, an ancient medical work, a girl begins to teethe; at seven years her milk teeth fall out; at fourteen she reaches puberty; at twenty-one she cuts her wisdom teeth; at twenty-eight her bones are hard, her hair is at its longest, and her body is in full vigor; at thirty-five her face begins to tan and her hair to fall out; at forty-two her face is withered, her complexion has gone, and her hair is gray; at forty-nine comes the change of life and the first years of old age.

The earliest Chinese work devoted to women's affairs, entitled *Advice to Women*, is by the distinguished lady who flourished in the first century A.D., and carried to its conclusion her father and brother's history of the first Han dynasty when death had removed the latter in A.D. 92. In her preface the authoress, Lady Ts'ao (*née* Pan Chao), modestly asserts that she was "born without intelligence, but enjoyed the favor of her father and the teachings of her mother until she was fourteen years old, now forty years ago, when she took up the dust-pan and broom in the family of the Ts'aoa." "Boys," she adds, "can shift for themselves, and I do not trouble my head about them; but I am grieved to think how many girls enter into marriage without any preparation whatever, and entirely ignorant of what is becoming to a wife."

The Lady Ts'ao arranges her advice to girls under appropriate headings, such as humility, husband and wife, general deportment, etc.

Be humble and respectful; put others in front and yourself behind; do not boast of your successes, nor excuse your failures; bear contumely and swallow insult; be always as though in fear and trembling.

A wife should be as the shadow and echo of her husband.

Woman's energies have a fourfold

scope: behavior, speech, appearance, and duties. For right behavior, no great mental talents are needed; for right speech, no clever tongue nor smart repartee; for right appearance, no great beauty; and for right duties, no special cunning of hand. In simplicity, in purity, in a sense of shame and of propriety, will right behavior be found. In choice of language, in avoidance of bad words, in seasonable and not too prolonged talk, will right speech be found. In thorough cleanliness of apparel, and in regular use of the bath, will right beauty be found. In undivided attention to spinning and weaving, without laughing and playing, and in seeing that food and wine are properly served, will right duties be found. These four offer scope to the energies of woman; they must not be neglected. There need be no difficulty, if only there is determination. A philosopher of old said, "Is goodness really so far off? I wish for goodness, and lo! here it is."

A highly educated woman herself, the Lady Ts'ao pleaded for education for her sex, and a return to the practice of ancient days when girls between the ages of eight and fifteen were taught the same subjects that were taught to boys.

Yen Chih-t'ui, a famous scholar and statesman who flourished A.D. 535-595, left behind him a work entitled *Family Instructions*, which has come down to us intact.

Let the wife (he says) look after the cooking and attend to the ceremonial connected with wine and food and clothing. She should not interfere in the government of the State, nor meddle with the family affairs. If she is clever and talented, acquainted with the conditions of ancient and modern times, then she should be employed as an aid to her husband, supplying that in which he may be deficient; but there must be no crowing at dawn in the place of the cock, with all the sorrow that this entails.

Yen complains that in certain parts

of the Empire "women's equipages block the streets, silks and satins throng the public offices and temples, while mothers and wives beg posts for their sons and promotion for their husbands."

In another place he points out that the varied products of the loom have proved a curse to the female sex, and he quotes the old saying: "There is no thief like a family of five daughters." On the other hand, he strongly denounces infanticide, cases of which he quotes as occurring in the family of a distant relative of his. "There," he says, "if a girl is born, she is immediately carried away, the mother following with tears and cries, but all of no avail; truly shocking!"

This is perhaps the earliest recorded protest against crime which seems to have been always practised more or less in all countries, but not more in China than elsewhere, as the following argument will show.

Every Chinaman has a wife; high officials and rich merchants often have two or three concubines; the Emperor is allowed seventy-two. If, then, female children are destroyed in such numbers as to constitute a national crime, it must follow that girls are born in an overwhelmingly large proportion to boys, utterly unheard of in any other part of the world.

Between A.D. 785 and 830 lived five remarkable sisters named Sung, all of whom possessed considerable literary talent, and especially the two elder ones. They refused to marry, and devoted themselves to literature, being finally received into the Palace, where in due course they all died natural deaths, with the exception of the fourth Miss Sung, against whom charges of accepting bribes were trumped up, the result being that she was forced to "take silk"—in other words, to strangle herself. The eldest sister wrote a book called *Discourses*

for Girls, based upon the famous *Discourses* of Confucius. It is in an easy style of versification, and is generally suited to the comprehension of the young.

When walking, do not look back;
When talking, do not open wide your lips;
When sitting, do not rock your knees;
When standing, do not shake your skirt;
When pleased, do not laugh aloud;
When angry, do not shout;
Do not peep over the outside wall;
Do not slip into the outer court;
When you go out, veil your face;
When you peep, conceal your body;
With a man not of the family
Hold no conversation whatever.

The authoress then proceeds to inculcate submission and obedience, filial piety, diligent performance of household duties, etc., etc., coupled always with a certain amount of book-learning, not so much as might perhaps have been expected from such a literary lady.

Miss Sung was at no great interval followed by one Madam Chêng, who produced a *Filial Piety Classic for Girls*, in imitation of the semi-canonical work which has come down to us from about the first century B.C. This lady boldly embraces in her injunctions all classes, from the Empress and Imperial concubines down to the peasant woman of the village. "Strike a bell in the palace," she says in warning, "and the sound will be heard outside." Virtue, she points out, is a question of environment:

If a child is surrounded by good influences, he will be good; if by evil influences, he will be evil. Even before birth his education may begin; and, therefore, the prospective mother of old, when lying down lay straight, when sitting down sat upright, and when standing stood erect. She would not taste strange flavors, nor have anything to do with spiritualism; if her

food were not cut straight she would not eat it, and if her mat were not set straight she would not sit upon it. She would not look at any objectionable sight, nor listen to any objectionable sound, nor utter any rude word, nor handle any impure thing. At night she studied some canonical work, by day she occupied herself with ceremonies and music. Therefore her sons were upright, and eminent for their talents and virtues; such was the result of ante-natal training.

In China too, as in the West, prospective mothers are warned not to eat hare's flesh, nor even to see a hare, lest she, as in the striking lines of Mr. Yeats,

. . . looking on the cloven lips of a hare
Bring forth a hare-lipped child.

From what has been already said, it might be supposed that the ordinary Chinese wife would hardly be able to call her soul her own—a condition of affairs altogether at variance with the real position of women as seen in China at the present day. The following extract, however, from an article by a writer of the T'ang dynasty (618-906), named Yü I-fang, and entitled "A Charm against the Black-Hearted," would seem to suggest that Chinese women more than a thousand years ago knew very well how to take care of themselves, and successfully held their own, as they still continue to do, against the brutality of men.

If the wife does not rule, the family can be properly governed, just as a State can be properly governed if the Minister does not rule the Prince, and the Empire can be properly governed if the Prime Minister does not rule the Emperor. For if husband and wife occupy their proper places, the Empire will be correctly organized; and if families are correctly organized, the Empire will be at peace.

The *Lun Yü* teaches us that women and servants are difficult to deal with;

if you are familiar with them, they lose their respect for you; if you are distant to them, they lose their tempers.

The *Book of History* tells us that for the hen to do the crowing at dawn brings ruin upon the family. The *Book of Changes* warns us that the wife's chief business should be to look after the cooking. And in the *Odes* wives are exhorted to observe regulations, so that the spirits of ancestors may be duly honored and they themselves be admitted to the sacrificial banquet.

Duke Wei allowed his wife Wên-ch'iang to have her own way, the result being that he lost his life and jeopardized the State of Lu. The Emperor Kao Tsu was afraid of his consort Lü, the result being disturbances which nearly brought the Han dynasty to an end. The Emperor Wên Ti fell under the influence of his Empress, and by changing the succession caused the downfall of his line. The Emperor Kao Tsung became enslaved by the beauty of Wu Chao, and so lost all power. And if rulers of 10,000-charioted States will do these things, what will not one of the cotton-clothed masses do?

Then, again, there is the remarriage of widowers and widows. In the latter case the absence of all sentiment, such as is evoked when the hair is put up for the first time, often means that the marriage is a mere question of personal convenience. How can such auspices prove favorable? In the former case we know how Madam Min clothed her step-son in rushes only, and how Madam Hsi beat hers with an iron pestle; and such instances are common enough.

As to the ordinary husband, enslaved by his wife's good looks or cajoled by her cunning talk, he degenerates beyond all hope into mere uxoriousness. The wife gradually gains ground, while his power is gradually whittled away, until at length he is as though pincers closed his mouth, not allowing him to utter a sound; as though a halter were around his neck, not allowing him to turn his head; as though fetters were upon his body, not allowing him to have the slightest freedom of action. Even personal questions of heat and

cold, hunger and satiety, incoming and outgoing, uprising and down-sitting, are no longer matters for him, but for her, to decide. If she says he is to be untruthful, wanting in duty, disloyal, or unkind, it only remains for him to obey. Even if she bids him do things which the lowest barbarians and even dogs and pigs would not do, he must do them. If she orders him to slay anyone, he must be annoyed only that the head is slow in falling; if she tells him to kill himself, he must fear only lest there be slowness in fetching the knife. When she curses and abuses him, he must receive her with a smile; when she beats him with all her might, he must repeatedly admit his fault. Whenever he offends her, he must fall down on his knees and beg pardon; whatever service he performs for her must be done unflinchingly. He may not recognize the authority of elder relatives; no, only the authority of his wife. He may not recognize the claims of younger relatives; no, only the claims of his wife. His friends and neighbors may say that such behavior has never been heard of since the world began, yet all the time there he stands, with the sweat trickling down to his heels, with blood running over his chest, in fear, in abject terror, quivering and quaking at every harsh word and severe look from his wife. What help is there for him? Having a home, he lets his wife be the head of it; if he had a State, he would let his wife rule it; if he had the Empire, he would let his wife be the Son of Heaven! As Magistrate or Prefect, he allows her to appear in public and sit with him on the bench, discuss cases, vigorously assert herself, and flit about from hall to hall—powder and paint deciding rewards and punishments, petticoats and bodices holding in their folds the issues of life and death.

Now, although the world is getting old, we still recognize some distinction between right and wrong; and although our morals are decaying, we are still able to distinguish the wicked from the good. And if a Minister were to behave as these women do, his sovereign would slay him; if a friend behaved thus, his friend would discard him; if

a neighbor behaved thus, his neighbors would get rid of him; if an ordinary citizen behaved thus, the authorities would punish him; if a son behaved thus, his weeping parents would turn him adrift; if a brother behaved thus, his brothers would unite against him; if a father, grandfather, or uncle behaved thus, sons, grandsons, and nephews would change their manner and flee north, south, east, and west in order to avoid them.

But now, when the wife says 'tis misty, there is a fog; when she says there is thunder, it peals; if she stretches herself, it lightens; if she turns around, it blows. At her whim spring becomes autumn, black is white, here is there, and a woman is a man. She is never happier than when setting everybody at cross-purposes, and this sort of thing goes on for years, sometimes more, sometimes fewer, until teeth and hair are gone, and the span of life is exhausted. All the time she is laying hands on whatever property and valuables she can secure, and at length it becomes self-evident that such a matrimonial alliance is nothing better than a dismal failure.

Meanwhile the besotted husband ceases to be employed by his sovereign, to be received by his friends, or to be recognized in his parish. His brothers are cool to him, and his children and grandchildren no longer flock around him; so true is the saying that if a man is not more lofty than a mountain, the devils will sink him lower than the abyss. And now, when too late, he mourns over the desolation of his home. His very grave stinks; but there is still more dishonor to come. His widow marries again.

The famous historian Ssu-ma Kuang, A.D. 1019-1086, published a short work on *Family Decorum*, in which he enlarges upon the behavior of a daughter-in-law. In addition to constant attendances upon her husband's parents, waiting upon them at meals and in the bedroom, she is bidden to show them the greatest respect, to answer their questions in lowered tones, and reve-

rently to support or aid them when walking about. She may not spit nor shout in their presence, nor sit, nor leave the room, unless permitted to do so by them. When they are sick, she must not leave them except for some urgent reason, and all their medicines must be prepared and administered by her. If she has to leave the women's apartments, she must veil her face, as also in any case when men approach.

Chu Hsi, the great statesman, commentator, and historian, A.D. 1110-1200, also had his say:

According to Ssu-ma Kuang, a woman either makes or mars the family into which she goes. If a man marries for money and position he will get the money and position, but his wife will hold him cheap and be rude to his parents. She will develop a proud and jealous disposition, than which there can be no greater curse. How can any self-respecting man bear to become rich with his wife's money, or rise to high positions through his wife's influence?

According to Ting Hu, a man should marry his daughter into a family somewhat above his own, for then she will perform her duties respectfully and with care. On the other hand, he should get his daughter-in-law from a family somewhat below his own, for then she will serve her husband's parents as befits a wife.

Asked if a man should marry a widow, Chu Hsi replied: "The object of marriage is to get a helpmeet, if a man marries for that purpose one who sacrifices her reputation, it simply means that he sacrifices his own." Further asked, if a poor lone widow without means of subsistence might marry again, he replied: "What you are afraid of for her is cold and starvation; but starvation is a comparatively small matter, and loss of reputation is a great one."

Yüan Ts'ai, of the twelfth century, wrote a treatise on social life in which he has a good many remarks about

women, who, he says, are the causes of all bickerings, "and whose views are neither broad, nor far-reaching, nor catholic, nor just."

In dress (he says) women should aim at cleanliness, and not try to be different from others. All such persons as Buddhist and Taoist nuns, professional go-betweens, female brokers, and women who pretend to peddle needles, embroideries, &c., should be rigidly excluded from the house; for to their presence may be traced the disappearance of clothing and other articles, not to mention that they often lead young girls astray.

The Empress Consort of the Emperor Yung Lo of the Ming dynasty in A.D. 1405 committed to paper her thoughts on the behavior of women, under the title of *Instructions for the Inner Apartments*, i.e. for Women. These are arranged under twenty headings, with an additional chapter on the education of girls. The Empress lays much stress on gentleness, good temper, economy, kind treatment of the young and of relatives, but thinks that speech unrestrained is the real rock upon which most women split.

If your mouth is like a closed door, your words will become proverbial; but if it is like a running tap, no heed will be paid to what you say.

In her additional chapter on education, which is really a more or less doggerel poem of about 350 lines, our authoress will be considered very disappointing by some. So far from pleading for higher education for Chinese women, she urges only that a girl's governess should teach her pupil to practice filial piety, virtue, propriety, deportment, good manners, and domestic duties, as a preparation for her entry into married life. Then, if she has no children to continue the ancestral line, she is not to show jealousy, but rather satisfaction, if her husband

takes a subordinate wife. Supposing that he dies before her, she will be left like Earth without its Heaven, and must transfer her dependence to her son, and summon up her resolution to face widowhood until death. Mount T'ai may crumble away, or she may have to walk over sharp-edged swords, but this resolve must not pass from her. Examples are given of heroines of all ages who have died by hanging or drowning themselves rather than violate their marriage vow:

Their bodies indeed suffered injury in life, but their names will be fragrant for ten thousand generations.

Before Marriage and After is the title of an anonymous work which brings us down to the close of the Ming dynasty in the middle of the seventeenth century. Besides repetition of the usual injunctions, we find here that girls are specially warned not to be greedy, and on no account to drink wine, "which destroys all reverence and caution, and encourages unseemly behaviour."

A girl (we are told) need not necessarily be a scholar. The girls of ancient times, however, invariably familiarized themselves with such works as *The Classic of Filial Piety*, *The Discourses of Confucius*, *Advice to Women*, and *Instructions for Women*, and there is every reason why these should be studied, but book-learning is not meant to be women's specialty, and as for poetry and songs, these are altogether out of the question.

A volume might easily be compiled from Chinese literature of uncomplimentary references to women and indignities which have been heaped upon them.

Nine women out of ten are jealous.

When a woman is young she is a goddess, when old a monkey.

Three-tenths of beauty is beauty, seven-tenths is dress.

The tooth of the bamboo-snake and the sting of the hornet cannot be compared for poison with a woman's heart.

The goodness of a woman is like the bravery of a coward.

A woman may attain to high rank, but she will still be a woman.

Women should have nothing to do with government.

During the winter months Yang Kuo-chung (a dissipated ruffian who was massacred A.D. 756) would often cause a selection of the fattest ladies from his seraglio to stand about him, in order to keep off the draught. This was called his "flesh screen."

It has often been pointed out that most of the characters in the Chinese language which have a bad meaning contain the symbol for "woman." There is, at any rate, one striking exception, and that is the common character for "good," which is composed of "woman" and "child."

Of course there are some points to be quoted on the other side, such as the fact that in ancient days women were not made to kneel, even in the ancestral temple; that at the present day they are spared the indignity of the bamboo, etc., etc. Tso-ch'ü Ming, the annalist of the fourth or fifth century B.C. was not quite sure that women were wholly bad, as witness his saying.

The goodness of women is inexhaustible; their resentment is everlasting.

Then, again, the hundreds, nay thousands, of beautiful poems, funeral orations, panegyrics, and mortuary inscriptions which have been written by bereaved sons and husbands in various ages, and which may still be read, place it beyond doubt that the position of women in China, notwithstanding cookery and domestic subordination, has always been a very high one. But the sum total would still leave a heavy balance against the women were

it not for certain considerations which will perhaps enable us to leave off with a slightly better taste in the mouth.

Apart from the fact that the mother in China plays a part equal in importance to that of the father, sharing his honors and the deference and obedience of their children, and enjoying in the same degree the consolations of worship and sacrifice after death, not to mention three years' mourning, it remains to be stated that the Chinese people have carefully embalmed in their extensive literature the names and lives of distinguished women for many centuries past. A rough survey of a single collection of women's biographies has yielded the following results, the paragraphs within quotation marks being short translated extracts which caught the eye.

Of the fourteen headings under which women have been classified, the first is *Shu*, a term which includes high-principled, good women, especially wives and mothers. Over 400 examples are recorded.

A certain scholar being asked "why he composed a funeral oration" [these are burnt at the grave] "on his mother and not on his father, replied that a man can make his virtues known by his actions, whereas but for a funeral oration a wife's virtues would remain concealed."

A mother who was "one day inspecting the treasury of her son (a high official) noticed that it was well filled with money. Then, turning to her son, she said, 'Your father held high posts for many years in the capital and in the provinces, yet he never collected such a sum as this; from which you can see how immeasurably inferior you are to him.'"

The second heading is *Hsiao*, which is restricted to filial piety. About 775 examples are given.

The third heading is *I*, which includes self-sacrificing, chivalrous wom-

en, with whom duty is a first consideration. About 475 examples are given.

A certain man being killed in battle the general sent an officer to condole with his mother. "Our family," said the latter, "consisting of 300 souls, have long battered on the Imperial bounty. Complete extermination would scarcely repay the favors we have received; shall we then grudge a single son? Pray think no more about it."

The fourth heading is *Lieh*, which includes all women who heroically prefer death to dishonor, and even suicides who prefer death to outliving their husbands. Of these, about 6,000 biographies are recorded.

The fifth heading is *Chieh*, which includes women who have refused to enter into second nuptials, sometimes acting in strenuous opposition to the wishes and even orders of parents. Many of the ornamental gateways scattered over China have been erected to the chaste widow, who, as popular opinion goes, should have been under thirty at the death of her husband, and have maintained her widowhood for thirty years.

The sixth heading is *Shih*, which includes wise and capable women, examples of whom number over 300.

One of these ladies would not allow the women of her household to dress in the prevailing fashion. Another bade her daughter on the latter's wedding day "not to be a good girl." "Am I then to be a bad girl?" asked the daughter, who mistook the sense of the Chinese word "to be," which also signifies "to do," "to play the part of." "If you are not to be a good girl," replied the mother, "it follows naturally that you are not to be a bad one."

The seventh heading is *Tsao*, and includes women who have made themselves eminent in any department of literature. About 510 examples are given, mostly poetesses. One of these, a deserted wife, whose husband had

gone off to his post with a favorite concubine, leaving her to herself, achieved a feat which certainly has not been surpassed even in monastic annals. She wove a handkerchief about a foot square, containing 841 Chinese characters (29x29) arranged in a symmetrical design of five colors, red, blue, yellow, green, and purple. These 841 words formed a kind of palindrome, which could be read in so many different ways as to form more than 200 quatrains of Chinese poetry, bearing on the injustice of her position, and correct in all the intricate details which belong to the art. This she forwarded to her husband, with the result that the concubine was dismissed and she herself restored to her proper position. This happened in the fourth century A.D. It was first published by Imperial orders in A.D. 692 and has come down to the present day.

The eighth heading is *Hui*, which includes witty and clever women. Only seven examples are recorded.

The ninth heading is *Ch'i*, which includes all remarkable women, such as those who have put on man's dress and have gone to the wars, great huntresses, and even one who was distinguished at football, also women who have risen from the dead, who have been taken up to heaven, who have been buried alive, who have had large families (in one case twenty-one children, including seven sets of twins), women with no arms or with a short allowance of fingers, hairy women, bearded women, hermaphrodites, etc., etc. About 250 examples are given.

The tenth heading is *Ch'iao*, which includes artistic women, distinguished for music, painting, etc. Of these only twenty-six examples are given, a number which is far below the mark in any one branch of the arts.

The eleventh heading is *Fu*, which includes women who have been exceptionally blessed in this world. Of these

twenty examples are given. The first was wife of a descendant of Confucius; she flourished at the beginning of the Christian era, and had eight sons. The second had nine distinguished sons, known as the Nine Dragons. The third was the mother of two sons, one of whom (Li Kuang-pi) was a famous general, *d.* A.D. 763, and the other also rose to eminence. As an additional but to Western eyes a more doubtful blessing, this lady "had a beard of several tens of hairs over five inches in length." Other examples are those of women who lived long and useful lives, in one case reaching an age of 120 years.

The twelfth heading is *Yen*, which includes women of great beauty. Of these only forty-five examples are given; to make up for which there is quite an extensive literature on beauty in the abstract, essays, panegyrics, and ballads, useful and otherwise, made to the (moth) eyebrows of mistresses.

Some idea of the standard of beauty in ancient China may be gathered from an account which has come down to us of the young lady who was married in A.D. 148 to the young Emperor, then sixteen years of age.

Her face (we are told) was a mixture of glowing sunrise clouds and snow, and of such surpassing loveliness that it was impossible to look straight at her. Her eyes were like sparkling waves; she had a rosy mouth, gleaming teeth, long ears, and a tip-tilted nose; her jet-black hair shone like a mirror, and her skin was glossy and smooth. She had blood enough to color her fat, fat enough to ornament her flesh, and flesh enough to cover her bones. From top to toe she measured 5 feet 4 inches; her shoulders were 1 foot 2 and two-fifths inches, and her hips 11 and seven-tenths inches, in breadth; from shoulder to fingers she measured 2 feet three-tenths inches; her fingers, exclusive of the palm, were 3 and three-fifths inches in length, and like ten tapering bamboo shoots; from the hips to the feet she measured 2 feet

4 and four-fifths inches; and her feet were 7 and one-fifth inches in length.

These measurements are English equivalents of Chinese measurements.

Add to the above "eyes like split almonds, teeth like shells," "teeth like the seeds in a water melon," "eyebrows like those of the silkworm moth," "waists like willow wands" but no stays, "lips like cherries," and you have a fair picture of what the Chinese admire in a woman.

A writer of the twelfth century (already quoted) recalls his ladylove in ten quatrains, as he has seen her under ten conditions, *viz.*, walking, sitting, drinking, singing, writing, gambling, weeping, laughing, sleeping, and dressing. She walks—it is the poetry of motion; she sits—it is the harmony of repose; she drinks—and the wine adds a lustre to her eyes; she sings—and black clouds turn to white; she writes—about turtle-doves; she gambles—and smiles when she loses; she weeps—at parting; she laughs—in golden tones; she sleeps—like a fragrant lily; she dresses—limning her eyebrows like those of the silkworm moth.

The Chinese themselves are not agreed as to the origin or reason of foot-binding. Authorities vary between the second century A.D., the fifth century A.D., and about A.D. 970, the last-mentioned being in all probability correct. It was well pointed out so early as the twelfth century that none of the great poets of the T'ang dynasty (606-918) make any allusion to the custom. Only in one instance is there a reference to a lady's foot of six inches in length; and although that may be reckoned small, the T'ang foot measure being shorter than that of the present day, still, the writer adds, there is absolutely no mention of the employment of artificial means. In the *Lang Huan Chi* we read of a little girl who asked her mother why women's feet were bound. "Because," replied her mother,

"the sages of old valued women highly, and would not have them gadding idly about. So they bound their feet to keep them at home." This is the reason for the practice of foot-binding which is most generally accepted among Chinese and foreigners, coupled of course with the fact that the men admire bound feet; but there is also a possible physiological reason which can hardly be discussed here.

The thirteenth heading is *Hén*, which includes women who have been the victims of great misfortune or injustice. Of these over two hundred examples are recorded.

The fourteenth and last heading is *Wu*, which includes women who have "awakened" to a sense of religious inspiration, and those who have come in any way under religious influences. For instance, the daughter of one of China's great poets, Liu Tsung-yüan, A.D. 773-819, was attacked with a

The Nineteenth Century and After.

serious malady. As she did not get better, her name was changed from "Harmony" to "Handmaid of Buddha;" and on her recovery, attributed of course to the change of name, she shaved her head and became a Buddhist nun. Another lady is immortalized because, when her husband was contemplating an essay entitled "There is no God," she stopped him by aptly observing, "If there is no God, why write an essay about him?"

The number of separate biographical notices under the above fourteen headings reach a total of over 24,000, i.e. nearly as many as all the lives, mostly of men, included in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Like those, they range in length from a few lines to several pages; in any case, these lives form a monumental record, built up chiefly in honor of women, such as no other nation in the world can pretend to rival.

Herbert A. Giles.

LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PLUME OF SEVEN FEATHERS.

Scarce had John Dewey's ringing shout died away than the rapid thud of hoofs fell upon our ears, evidently galloping not from, but towards us; and ere we had time to marvel what this could portend a horseman dashed into our midst.

A scene of wild confusion ensued; some of our men fell back, screaming out in terror that there was a whole gang of robbers, and that we should all be murdered. The led horses plunged violently and, one or two escaping, rushed down the road; the sharp crack of a pistol added to the

general alarm, and one of the fellows who had been holding Dewey reeled and fell. The other, infected by the prevailing terror, loosed his captive and dropped the lantern, the light being extinguished in the fall. Then all was confusion, indeed, for even the moon was partly veiled by clouds. As I stood in the midst of the struggling mob I heard the prisoner's voice in my ear: "For the Lord's sake, Master, free my hands! I could get clear away if I had the use of them!"

I had out my knife in a moment and cut the rope which bound his wrists; and diving, as it seemed, among the legs of the horses, the poor fellow made good his escape; his retreat was ren-

dered the more easy by the fact that his accomplice chose this moment to fire another shot, which still further alarmed the already panic-stricken mass of men and horses.

Then I heard Sir Jocelyn's voice raised high in wrath and contempt.

"You d—d cowards! Here we are seven to one and not a man dare stand up. Luke Wright—Ho, Luke, you at least I can count on. Lend us a hand here! Come and help me, I say!"

I fought my way to his side; in mad panic our own men were for barring my progress, but by laying about me lustily I cleared a road for myself, and presently I came to the spot where Sir Jocelyn, still on horseback, wrestled with the highwayman. Catching at the rein of the robber's rearing horse, I brought its forefeet to the ground, and then, immediately making an upward leap, I seized its rider by the collar and dragged him from his seat. Then, bearing him backwards, I fair flung myself upon him, keeping him down by the sheer weight of my body, in the same fashion as John Dewey had used myself a little while before.

"Now then! A light here!" commanded Sir Jocelyn. "Have ye not come to your senses yet, you fools? There is but one man, I say, and we have got him down. The greatest poltroon of you all need not fear now. A light, I say!"

"'Tis my man," I cried, infected by his excitement. "I'll swear 'tis the man who robbed me. Will no one bring a light that we may look at him?"

The hubbub subsiding presently I heard the scraping of flint and steel, and at length one of Sir Jocelyn's servants hastened forward with a lantern.

The silence of expectancy had succeeded the tumult of a little while before, and the flame showed me faces no longer terrified, but eager and curious. I saw, too, that Sir Jocelyn sat very

still upon his now quiet horse, though one hand yet clutched the reins of his adversary's steed.

All these things flashed upon me simultaneously, but I scarce took note of them at the time, being as eager as any to identify my prisoner.

"'Tis he, for sure!" cried I with all the triumph of the conqueror, "for here on the neck is the very wound I gave him!"

Indeed I had marked upon its whiteness a little trickle of blood.

"Unmask the wretch!" commanded Sir Jocelyn, "and let us see if any here can identify him."

I was about to obey when I felt the helpless form beneath me move slightly, and the head, which was the only portion of his person over which my captive had control, was shaken meaningly. As I gazed I saw the lips form the word "No!"

And then, I knew not why, a chill fell upon me, and I sat gazing downwards at my victim as if fascinated. His hat had fallen off, and, between the handkerchief, which bound his head, and the crape mask, I caught a glimpse of a high brow which, like the neck, was of extraordinary whiteness; and just behind the ear a lock of hair had escaped from the black folds—hair which when the light fell on it gleamed like gold.

"Well," exclaimed Sir Jocelyn impatiently, "what are you staring at? Unmask the fellow immediately, I say; or must I dismount and pull off that black rag myself?"

I came to myself with a start, and though I dismissed the notion which had suddenly crossed my brain as absurd and fantastic, I nevertheless resolved that the fellow should keep his privacy at least for the present.

"Nay, Sir Jocelyn," said I, "I think 'twere best to put off the inquiry till we convey our prisoner to a more private place. After all, what matter his

looks since we have caught him. I propose we should carry him to the inn immediately, and there you and I can talk with him alone. There may be after all some mistake," I added, somewhat hesitatingly, and with my eyes still fixed on that gleaming lock.

"Mistake!" cried Sir Jocelyn with an oath, "have we not caught the miscreant red-handed? And pray, Master Luke, how come you to speak so glibly of you and I. You and I, forsooth!

"Well, your Honor," I returned stoutly, "'twas I as was robbed and 'twas I as got him down—I doubt I've the best right to look into the matter—and to my mind 'tis foolish to dally asking questions here when we might do the same in a warm room w^l plenty o' lights to see by."

"There's some sense in that!" cried Sir Jocelyn with a laugh. "Come then, set the fellow on his horse again; and since you are so anxious to prove your right to him, keep watch over him yourself till we get to the Blue Lion."

I released my prisoner of my weight and, assisting him to rise, led forward his horse. Before mounting he paused a moment, making an imperative sign with a long slender hand: he evidently desired me to hold his stirrup. The gesture was familiar to me; I started violently, and before obeying bent forward to examine the horse more closely. Just behind the shoulder I descried a small white patch about the size of a shilling.

I vow I could have fallen to the earth, but that Sir Jocelyn, who had been talking angrily to those about him, now called out impatiently to know why I tarried so long.

"Why," said he, "these fools have let the other ruffian escape. We have made a sorry business of this. A round half-dozen of us and could not keep hold of two men, one of 'em unarmed. Well, two of ye must stay and search

the place for him; and you fellow ride on with my servant, yon, who is making such a to-do about his wound; he'll not die of it, I dare swear, since 'tis but in the leg. Come, Luke, they've brought back your horse for ye. Into the saddle, man, and let your prisoner do the same; he shall ride between us, and John can go in front with the lantern."

I stooped again to hold the stirrup, breathing in an agonized whisper the while: "Master! can it be you?"

And the answer came coldly, as he sprang into his seat: "Yes; it is I!"

So great was my anguish and confusion of mind that for the first few minutes of our ride I scarce knew what went on around me; though I dimly comprehended that Sir Jocelyn was jibing at me for my politeness to the highwayman, and desired to know if I would give him my hand when he mounted the steps to the gallows. These last words struck like a knife to my heart. The gallows!—I had brought him to this! I had tracked him, captured him, delivered him up—my gallant Master—to whom I had sworn eternal love and fidelity. What must he think of me? Yet how could I have ever guessed! The whole affair was indeed mysterious, and my bewilderment and anxiety increased as we advanced.

I glanced with eyes dim with anguish to where he sat erect on his noble horse, the lines of his slender, graceful figure showing clear by the light which John carried at his saddle-bow; and I resolved to free him at any cost.

We soon left the wood behind, and the road lay before us following the river with many curves. This river seemed to me to offer my Master his only chance of flight; if he could swim or ford it, he, who doubtless knew the country well, could make a dash for safety; on the other side he might outdistance his pursuers. But how to

gain sufficient time for him to accomplish this?

Fortune seemed to favor my secret prayers, for I suddenly observed that Sir Jocelyn's horse had picked up a stone. I called out to warn him of this fact, at the same time riding behind our prisoner, and bringing my horse close to his Honor's.

"I'll have it out in a minute, Sir Jocelyn," said I, "if you will but hold my nag;" and before he had time to protest I had dismounted and was busy hammering at the stone in question. If truth be told I made no great effort to free the hoof of the poor beast, but rather endeavored to jam the stone more firmly in.

Sir Jocelyn, however, had clutched my Master's reins, holding them tight in his left hand while his right grasped his own and those of my horse. John had meanwhile gone forward with his lantern, so that I had but the light of the moon to assist me in my task.

"Make haste!" said Sir Jocelyn impatiently. "Do you mean to keep us here all night?"

"No, indeed," I returned, "but I don't seem able to get at the stone here—I'll try the other side."

And I went round between Sir Jocelyn and my Master, and once more lifted up the horse's hoof, watching all the while out of the corner of my eye to see if John had yet vanished round the curve of the road. Then, just as Sir Jocelyn began to swear at me for my clumsiness, I twitched my Master's reins out of his slackened grasp, crying out loudly: "Fly, Sir, fly! Escape while you can! Try the river!"

I threw myself upon Sir Jocelyn, endeavoring to unhorse him; but he was as powerful a man as I, and, moreover, his position gave him an advantage over me. In a moment he shook himself free of me, and whipping out his sword cut me with it sharply over the arm which still clutched his bridle;

then, as I perforce loosed my hold, he jerked a pistol from his belt and pointed it at me.

"I have a bullet for thy heart, Luke," cried he, "if thou hast a mind to play traitor again. Art mad, man, or what is the meaning of this?"

My Master, who had taken no advantage of the opportunity I had made for him, now put in a word very quietly.

"'Twould be indeed folly," said he, to attempt to escape now, but I thank you for your goodwill, Friend."

Sir Jocelyn looked from him, as he sat so composedly in the saddle, to me clasping my wounded arm, which indeed burned furiously and from which the blood was dripping.

"I should know that voice!" said he. "What! can it be that this chance has led me to my own quarry? Luke, my good lad, I'll not delay the inquiry until we reach the inn; I'll identify the prisoner here—John, come back; John, I say, come back! Sirrah, hold up the lantern," he cried as the man came lumbering back, "hold it up high. Now, Sir," turning to my Master, "do me the favor to unmask."

My Master bowed, and with seeming carelessness removed at once the mask and the kerchief which bound his head, so that his long fair locks fell about his face. He was smiling and seemed quite impassive.

Sir Jocelyn took a long look at him, and then, turning to John, desired him to ride on, but to remain within call.

"A useless precaution, Sir Jocelyn," cried my Master quietly. "I have no intention of endeavoring to escape. 'Tis Fate I believe which has brought us together."

"Fate, indeed!" returned Sir Jocelyn, and I could hear his voice shake with passion—whether exultation or fury I could not divine. He loosed my Master's reins, however, of which he had again possessed himself, and we rode

forward in silence, the burning in my arm becoming almost unbearable, and the hot blood soaking into my sleeve. But I cared little for the pain and felt no fear concerning myself, absorbed as I was in dread of what might be my Master's doom.

A light breeze arose, driving the clouds from the pale moon, and I saw that while my Master rode with the same careless ease as before, looking neither to right nor to left, Sir Jocelyn's figure was turned towards him and he moved not his eyes from his face.

All at once he broke silence.

"Since when," said he, "has it pleased you to turn Highwayman, Mr.—?"

He gave my Master a name which I had never hitherto heard, and which I forbear to set down, for indeed it was one of the greatest in England—one to swear by in the South; and since my experience hath proved it safer to avoid giving offence to the Great, I deem it best to use discretion in this matter—but 'twas a very noble name.

My Master laughed lightly.

"Why," said he, "you will scarce believe me if I say 'tis my first offence."

"I would believe you if you said 'twould be your last," returned Sir Jocelyn grimly. "Such freaks as these lead to the gallows."

"That may very well be," returned my Master, "and yet in my case I hardly think it."

"Did we not catch you red-handed—did you not fire upon us twice?" thundered the other. "Zounds, Sir, you even carry upon your person the proofs of your guilt."

My Master laughed again, and raising his hand negligently touched the spot where my tiny bullet had grazed his neck; then still laughing he drew forth from his bosom the empty bag which had encased Mrs. Dorothy's notes.

"Proofs indeed!" said he. "Honest

Luke can swear to them. Yet I doubt if you will get them to hang a man of my Quality even for the public good."

"S'death!" cried Sir Jocelyn, and leaning forward he once more caught my Master's reins, forcing the horse to halt. "I care not a snap of my fingers for the public good. I have a private quarrel with you, and mean to do justice upon you, either with my own hand, or through the instrumentality of the Law. I tracked you to this neighborhood for no other purpose than to avenge myself upon you."

"And pray, Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand, how did you manage to track me?"

"Why, by means of a trifle of a love-token which was innocently shown me by one we both know. Sir, when a man is bent on such deeds as that which you have but just accomplished, 'twere as well he let not trinkets engraved with his family crest lie within reach of his enemy's eyes. What were easier than to journey to the country where the Plume of Seven Feathers is as well known and as much honored as the Lion Passant?"

My Master sate as though turned to stone, and Sir Jocelyn continued violently:—

"Aye, by Heaven, there is Justice in this! 'Twas she herself who unwittingly put me on the scent; 'twas her messenger whom you robbed upon the road; 'twas her money of which you rifled him. Providence has delivered you into my hand, and I'll have no mercy on you. Despicable wretch!" exclaimed Sir Jocelyn, his voice trumpeting out the words like a clarion. "What! you think to go unpunished because of the name you bear? The more shame for you," he went on with ever-increasing wrath, "if you bear a noble name—it does but dishonor you the more in my eyes. How could I fail to scorn a man who could so shame the good blood in his veins!"

"Come, Sir, enough of this!" cried the

other impatiently, "since you have a quarrel with me let us settle it here and now. 'Tis not the first time we have crossed swords without formalities."

"Nay," returned Sir Jocelyn, with a sudden deadly calm, to my mind more terrible than his previous violence, "not so fast, Sir, I beg. My purpose is to carry you first to the North—yes—to Lychgate Hall itself, that the Lady who scorned me for your sake may feast her eyes upon you. 'Twas you, Sir, who filched my bride from me—she shall learn that you thought it no disgrace to plunder a poor yokel of money not his own. When she hath learnt what manner of man you are I'll rid the world of you, Sir, by one means or another."

"Take me to her!" cried my Master, as I must ever call him; and all at once the two seemed to change natures, he becoming the more fiery as Sir Jocelyn grew cold. "Take me to her. Aye, 'tis best so. Let her see me by all means, and judge for herself of the pass to which she has brought me!"

"It wanted only this!" sneered Sir Jocelyn. "Truly this is the last touch. To cast the blame of your misdeeds upon her. Oh, 'twas well said—a plausible tale indeed! 'Tis her fault that she should be robbed of her own money—oh," he cried, suddenly breaking out into fury again, "the world will be well rid of such carrion!"

"Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand," broke out my Master, his eyes seeming to shoot forth flames, as I had seen them do once or twice before in the extremity of passion, "Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand, because I am your prisoner, does that give you the right to insult me? I vow 'tis past endurance. Dismount, Sir, and draw!" he exclaimed, leaping from the saddle and whisking out his sword. "Draw and defend yourself! For, by Heaven! you shall pay for these outrages."

Sir Jocelyn touched his horse with his heel so that it curvetted aside, and cried out commandingly, again calling my Master by his name.

"Put up your sword, Mr.—" said he, "we cannot settle our differences thus even if there were light enough to see by. Indeed, Sir, I must consider whether I will consent to cross swords with you. But I did wrong to insult a man as defenceless as you have now become."

The moonlight glanced upon the barrel of a pistol which he drew from his holster.

"You are at my mercy, you see," said he, "advance a step and you are a dead man. I have but to whistle and my folks will come up and disarm you. But get to your saddle again—I will not have recourse to such measures unless you force me to them."

My Master, after a pause, lowered his blade, sheathed it slowly and remounted again. His handsome head drooped upon his breast. I understood that his spirit quailed, not with the fear of death or danger, but at the slur upon his honor which he was unable to avenge. I guessed that for a moment he had been tempted to make an onslaught upon Sir Jocelyn at the risk of his own life, but had been withheld by some inward consideration stronger even than his anger. No one spoke after this until, as we approached the inn, my Master, turning to his captor, craved in a few words his permission to resume his disguise, and Sir Jocelyn as briefly granted it.

We dismounted in the stableyard, and Sir Jocelyn immediately ordered a coach and post-horses.

"We do not ride, then?" inquired my Master.

"No," returned the other fiercely, "we could not make speed enough on horseback. We must travel day and night."

My Master patted Star's neck a moment without replying; and then turn-

ing to the ostler desired him to take good care of his horse, which should presently be sent for, when all who contributed to its good estate should be rewarded. He slipped a couple of gold pieces into the man's hand as he spoke, and tossed a handful of silver among the stableboys who crowded round.

"Aye, to be sure, Master," returned they, as though with one accord, "we'll take good care of him."

"Good treatment and no questions asked," added the ostler.

"And what about my horse?" said I to Sir Jocelyn, who stood by, impatiently tapping the pavement with the toe of his riding-boot. "He is already exhausted and could not in any case keep pace with your coach if you bait not day or night."

"What does it matter to me if he be tired or not?" he returned, almost brutally. "You can take your own time about returning home."

"Nay, but I must go with you," I murmured, making so free in my eagerness as to clutch him by the sleeve. "You must take me, your Honor—indeed you must. I have been too much concerned in this matter," I went on desperately, "not to have a right to see it out."

"Why, then, you shall!" he answered, but speaking more after the fashion of one who utters a threat than confers a kindness. "You shall be present at the end, Luke Wright. Indeed, I shall have need of your testimony, but see you make no more attempts to play the traitor."

"Oh, Sir," I broke forth, "I like not that word—and have not deserved it. Yet Mrs. Dorothy herself will very like taunt me with the same when she finds I have so ill done her errand. But God knows I have done my best and tried to be faithful."

The grief in my voice touched him. I suppose, for he caught me by the

hand and wrung it, saying very kindly: "Well, I believe you, my lad; though why you should have sought to favor this stranger more than myself puzzles me—seeing that the man hath done you such grievous wrong, too. But we'll speak no more on't. Mr. — is sworn to make no attempts at escape, so I trow you may ride in the coach with us without harm to my project. As for your precious horse," he added with a smile, "my man Tom shall ride him quietly home as soon as his wound be healed."

My Master had taken no part in this colloquy, but stood by quietly awaiting his captor's pleasure; and on the latter now desiring him very courteously to enter and partake of some refreshment, he inclined his head and stepped on before him, as though he had been an honored guest.

Just as we were about to enter the house, the Landlord's Son and his companion, who had remained behind to search for John Dewey, came clattering up to announce that they could find no trace of him. I doubt they had not made any very careful examination of the place, partly through fear of falling in with others of a possible gang, partly because of a certain wish to abet the man's escape.

They immediately became the centre of an excited group, to whom they related their adventures with much zest and spirit. These good folks indeed had as yet heard no details of the enterprise. Tom having been assisted indoors by his companion of the ride and John, and no one daring to question Sir Jocelyn and myself. But tongues now wagged freely, and I heard the name of John Dewey passing from mouth to mouth. My Master, who still stood upon the doorstep while Sir Jocelyn parleyed with the Landlord, now caught me by the arm.

"Put them off the scent if you can," he whispered. "John is my Foster-

brother and Malachi's Son. I shall never forgive myself if I bring him to harm."

When Sir Jocelyn had conveyed his prisoner into the house, I went forth into the yard with as careless and swaggering an air as I could assume.

"What is that I hear you say?" cried I. "John Dewey, indeed! A likely tale! Why, John Dewey is my good friend and was to meet me here if I tarried long enough. You remember how I told you I awaited him? Do you think he would fall upon me on the road to rob me of what I meant to hand over to him fairly?"

The men looked at each other dubiously.

"Well, it do seem a queer thing," said one, "but I reckon 'twas John Dewey for all that."

"Pooh! nonsense!" cried I. "You should think it shame to take an honest man's character away. You are making a mistake, I say, and the only way you can make up for it is by drinking my good friend John's health."

London Times.

(To be concluded.)

With that I drew one of Mrs. Dorothy's remaining gold pieces from my pocket and spun it in the air.

"Think again; it was never John Dewey. Why, all you Devon men are as like as so many crows."

"There's something in that," returned they, staring at the coin and laughing knowingly.

"There's a deal in that!" said I. "Come, drink his health, and if he calls to see me to-morrow tell him I could not wait, being forced unexpectedly to return whence I came."

"We'll tell him to be sure," returned they; and one of them, catching the coin I tossed to him, set it in his eye and grinned at me. Then the ostler calling out that he must have help in harnessing the horses to the travelling-coach, the group dispersed, and I went indoors to have my wound dressed, feeling a little less heavy at heart since I had saved at least one of my assailants from the consequences of his folly.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mrs. Anna Jameson's studies of "Shakespeare's Heroines" which has not been displaced in its special field by any later appreciations and criticisms appears this year in attractive holiday dress with the imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co. It is illustrated by W. Paget with six full-page color plates, and seventy half-tone illustrations scattered through the text, and is well printed and richly bound.

The "Sunday Evening Problem" which most ministers recognize as one

of the most serious which presses upon them for solution, is discussed by the Rev. James L. Hill in a volume bearing that title, in which he outlines and describes seven sorts of successful services. Not the least interesting chapter is that in which he analyses the experience of a thousand pastors as gleaned from their personal letters. E. B. Treat & Co. New York.

"Her Fiancé," the title-story in Josephine Daskam's sketches of college life, is the least convincing of the four, and

the college interest in "Her Little Sister" is hardly strong enough to justify its place in the volume. But "The Adventures of an Uncle" will set the responsive chord vibrating in the undergraduate heart, and "The Point of View," with its realistic description of the labors of a college day, will be wanted in leaflet form for distribution among unappreciative parents and god-parents. These studies do not represent Mrs. Bacon's best work, but her second-best is very readable. Henry Altemus Co.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. add another to their fascinating list of essays with the volume in which Bliss Perry writes of "The Amateur Spirit." Whether he discusses sport, politics, affairs or art, Mr. Perry's conclusions are always shrewd and piquant, and the easy good humor with which he sets them forth, and the mellow charm of his style, with the utter absence of the strenuous, strident tone, make him one of the most delightful of our essayists. "The Life of a College Professor" and "College Professors and the Public" gave as much genuine pleasure on their first appearance, it is safe to say, as any magazine articles of recent years, and they will be re-read now with fresh chuckles of appreciation.

The nineteenth volume of the documentary history of The Philippine Islands covers the years 1620 and 1621 and includes a wide range of interest. The pressure for civil and religious reforms became more urgent in these years and some progress was made in those directions. The pressure upon the Spanish administration from competing Dutch, English, French and Portuguese interests also increased and complicated the work of government. The longest document in the volume is the Memorial y relacion of Hernando de los Rios Coronel, published at

Madrid in 1621, in which an account is given of the condition of affairs in the islands and an urgent appeal is made for more effective aid against the encroachments of the Dutch and English. The title page of this volume is reproduced in fac simile. The Arthur H. Clark Co. Cleveland.

"Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings", edited by Anna Benneson McMahan (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is a grouping in a single volume of those poems by Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning which have to do with the history, the scenery and the art of Florence, with more than sixty full-page illustrations from photographs of the pictures, statues, portraits and scenery which were wrought into the poets' verse. The selections include, of course, Mrs. Browning's Casa Guidi Windows and Robert Browning's Fra Lippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, The Statue and the Bust, and the first book of The Ring and the Book, with several others. It is pleasant to see Florence through the eyes of these two poets, and doubly so to see it with the aid of these photographic reproductions of the treasures of art which so appealed to them. Browning-lovers will find the book thoroughly delightful.

The "spacious times of great Elizabeth,"—the life of the court and the life of the common people, the caprices of the queen and the activities of poets and playwrights, the chatter of courtiers and the daring of adventurers—are touched upon with delightful freshness and the charm of an engaging style in the ten sketches by Felix E. Schelling which are grouped in the volume entitled "The Queen's Progress and Other Elizabethan Sketches," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. present in an exquisitely printed text, with six ancient portraits as embellishment.

The first sketch describes the state visit which the queen made at Kenilworth in 1575 and the closing paper gives an account of the pedestrian tour of Ben Jonson to Scotland in 1618. Between these are studies of an Elizabethan will, of the adventures of a gentlemanly Elizabethan buccaneer, and of the lives of musicians and player folk, and much else besides illustrative of the times. It is a pleasant book to look at and to browse through.

The pure and exalted love of Petrarch and Laura is a romance six centuries old, but it has not lost its fascination. In a volume entitled "The Secret of Petrarch" Mr. Edmund James Mills presents the fruits of a minute and almost microscopic yet reverent study of the relations of the poet and his beloved, and of their intercourse and companionship until death robbed him of her. The first part of the book is devoted to prose studies based upon Petrarch's writings and especially upon his "Secrets." The second form is in the form of a short drama, in which the author seeks to give a more intimate presentation of the mind of the poet and the lady whom he loved. In this are embodied translations of some of Petrarch's sonnets while an appendix gives the Italian text of the passages. The volume is illustrated with thirteen photogravures, including portraits of Petrarch and Laura and views of the scene in which their friendship was nurtured. Alike from the literary and the personal point of view, the volume is of unique interest.

To the extraordinarily attractive "Sketches on the Old Road through France to Florence," which E. P. Dutton & Co. publish, Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray contributes the pictures, and two observant travellers and clever

writers, Mr. Henry W. Nevins and Mr. Montgomery Carmichael the text. The combination greatly promotes the reader's pleasure. The note of true "traveller's joy," suggested in the playful reference to the wild flower of that name in the Introduction, pervades the entire volume and is communicated to the reader. The past and the present, old associations and new impressions, bits of scenery, quaint customs, character sketches, the beautiful, the ancient, and the queer are commingled in the most fascinating way. It is a rare pleasure to traverse ground so rich in beauty and in memory with three companions so delightful as these. Mr. Hallam's pictures include forty-eight full page colored plates and eighteen sketches in the text. They are exquisitely drawn, and the color-printing process employed is a new one, the softness and delicacy of which are a surprising disclosure of the possibilities of this frequently unsatisfactory embellishment.

Rider Haggard has returned from his wanderings in the fields of agriculture to his chosen paths of romance. "The Brethren" whose valor and devotion he describes are twin nephews of an aged knight of Essex, who, in his Crusading days, has carried away and wedded the beautiful sister of Saladin. With their cousin Rosamond both brothers are in love, though her choice remains a mystery almost to the end of the story. A dream warns Saladin that a great slaughter will be averted if his niece is restored to her mother's inheritance; his kidnapping her leads the brothers to follow in arms to the East; a week in the power of the Old Man of the Mountain makes Saladin's court at Damascus a welcome refuge; Rosamond becomes Princess of Baalbec; the knights join the Crusading army; and with the siege and surrender of Jerusalem the vision is accom-

plished. Of the gorgeous material which such a plot offers, Mr. Haggard avails himself with more restraint than in his earlier work, and but for the title-page the book might not be recognized as his. But as an intensely interesting story of the adventure school, it would make its own success. McClure, Phillips & Co.

In "Inner Jerusalem" the clever Englishwoman who signs herself A. Goodrich Freer, and whose book on "The Outer Isles" has had such a popular success, writes from two years of personal observation and study of the life of the Sacred City as it is to-day. Climate, water supply, sanitation, cost of food, trade, domestic habits, treatment of animals, consular etiquette, social rivalries and distractions, ecclesiastical feuds, schools, hospitals, philanthropic enterprises, archaeological discoveries, visits of distinguished Europeans,—all the variety of interests, little and great, of the oddly-assorted community—are described with a lively and sometimes caustic pen. In the chapters devoted to the Russian, Greek and Latin Churches, considerable space is given to historical retrospect, but the usual point of view is that of the up-to-date modern. Miss Freer writes tolerantly of the Turkish government, in its relation to Jerusalem at least; and hopefully of the Jewish efforts toward re-patriation. There are few dull pages among her four hundred; an index adds to the value of the work; and in binding, typography and illustrations, the volume is one of the finest of the season. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In the midst of the bewildering whirl of new books, the steady output of fresh editions and anthologies of the classics testifies to the constant demand of serious readers for the tried and proved. An Anthology of Persian Poetry by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole

has already been received with warm appreciation, and the wider interest in his present subject will secure a welcome even more cordial for his "Greek Poets." The volume is of generous scope, containing, in three hundred and sixty octavo pages, selections from thirty poets; and the translators—sixty odd—have been chosen with a catholic taste, ranging from Cowley, Chapman, Pope, Maginn, Byron, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Fitzgerald, the Brownings, Edwin Arnold, Swinburne, Rossetti, Oscar Wilde and Andrew Lang to the little-known but much-lamented Edward Cracroft Lefroy, whose paraphrases in sonnet-form from Theocritus make one of the most fascinating sections. Mr. Dole prefaces each poet with a brief biographical and critical introduction, and his own initials follow some charming bits of translation. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. issue the book in cloth, half-calf, and limp seal bindings.

It was the good fortune of Lady Susan Townley, during two years spent in China, 1902-3, to obtain intimate views of the Chinese court and of the amazing woman, the Empress-Dowager, who is head of it. She was admitted not only to state banquets and receptions but to the Empress Dowager's private apartments and to personal intercourse with her. These experiences enter into her volume "My Chinese Note-Book" which E. P. Dutton & Co. publish, with illustrations. Lady Susan saw as only an alert woman could see all the little details of dress, manner and surrounding which are so illuminating in their disclosure of personal and national characteristics; and she writes of them with fulness, humor and candor. Regarded merely as a record of travel experiences the book would be diverting, but it has a higher value as a vivid picture of an old and strange civilization which is at last be-

ginning to feel the stir of transition and manifests it more in its social changes than in its politics, diplomacy or government. Brightly written and entertaining as it is, it may be that the future historian will get a clearer view of the China of the opening years of the twentieth century from Lady Susan's book than from the more severe and formal narratives of statesmen and diplomats.

A writer of more assured reputation than May Sinclair's might hesitate to offer the public a six-hundred page novel, and "The Divine Fire" would unquestionably be a more popular book, as well as a better one, if it were a third shorter. But in spite of much tedious dialogue, and a few unsavory scenes, the theme is so unusual and the character development of such interest that the reader with leisure will be likely to find his attention held more and more closely to the very end. It is in the spirit of a cockney bookdealer that the divine fire of genius kindles, and its purifying effect on his manners, character and career is followed through the ups and downs from obscurity to fame. A difference of opinion as to the legitimate profit to be made on an old family library, at forced sale, separates the young poet from his less scrupulous father, in the opening chapters, and round the struggle for the recovery of the library, and its restoration to the woman who is the heroine of the story, the objective interest of the plot centres. Side by side with the growing ennoblement of the poet's aims, is developed the deterioration of his patron and critic, under the influence of the counting-room, as he leaves Oxford for the editorship of a metropolitan literary journal. Obvious as are the flaws in workmanship, there is material and talent in the book for a half-dozen ordinary novels. Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. K. Asakawa's volume on "The Russo-Japanese Conflict: Its Causes and Issues" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is most important and timely. There has been no lack of picturesque character studies and descriptions of battle scenes in the great conflict in the Far East; and various writers, the late Lafcadio Hearn chief among them, have made us acquainted with the traits and aspirations of the Japanese; but the present volume gives for the first time a calm and comprehensive statement of the causes of the conflict, the clash of national aspirations and the collision of "manifest destinies" out of which the war has sprung. Dr. Asakawa begins his narrative where it should begin, with the retrocession of the Liao-tung peninsula by Japan at the close of the war with China in 1895, under joint pressure from Russia, Germany and France, but at the instigation of Russia. The seeds of the present war were planted then, and there has been no moment since when the purpose of the Japanese to right that great injustice has faltered. The whole story of negotiation, diplomacy and preparation since the publication of the Mikado's decree of renunciation is told fully in the present volume, with innumerable citations of authorities to sustain the statements of the text. The negotiations between Japan and Russia which preceded the outbreak of the war are given with great but not superfluous detail; and the relations of Korea and Manchuria to the necessities and ambitions of the contending Powers, and the different ends sought by the latter and their relation to world interests and policies are set forth with a lucidity which leaves nothing to be desired. The volume, altogether, is one that cannot be neglected by any one who seeks to go below the surface in his understanding of events in the Far East.

A SONG OF WINTER.

The gray tree whispered, soft and low—
 "Would ye not have me ever so?
 Do ye not see in my branches shorn
 The hope of the life to be newly born?
 Do ye not feel in the winter mist
 The breath of Remembrance by Sorrow
 kissed?

When the sun is ended, and all things
 cease,

Shall ye not covet my gentle peace?"

Mark Hyam.

Fall Mall Magazine.

NIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

Waves of the gentle waters of the
 healing night,
 Flow over me with silent peace and
 golden dark,
 Wash me of sound, wash me of color,
 drown the day;
 Light the tall golden candles and put
 out the day.

Smells of the valley gather round me
 with the night:

Honey is in the wind and salt is in
 the wind,

Like a drugged cup with hot sweet
 scents of sleepy herbs

And sharp with fiery breaths of cool-
 ness in the cup,

Wind of the sea, wind of the valley,
 drunken wind.

Out of the valley, voices; hark, beyond
 the hedge

A long deep sigh, the human sighing
 of a beast;

Under the eaves the last low twitter in
 the thatch;

Across the valley, harsh and sweet,
 the patient whirr

Of the untiring bird that tells the
 hours of night.

Else, silence in the valley while the
 night goes by

Like quiet waters flowing over the
 loud day's

Brightness, the empty sea, and the
 vexed heart of man.

Arthur Symons.

The Saturday Review.

WAR.

(From Hans Sachs.)

The Spirit said to me:—

"Say, Friend, how't pleaseth thee

War, and the men who toil

In war, its fruit and spoil?"

I answered wise indeed:—

"Of war I have no need,

And while I hold my life

To give myself to strife

Will evermore refuse.

War hath no fame or use,

But is a heavy yoke

Alike on land and folk

On whom it doth alight,

And them that lead the fight.

So say I war is vain,

Mere punishment and pain,

From which should ever be

Both Prince and people free."

The Spirit answered:—"Friend,

Oft must a man defend

Both self and soul from foe,

Who laying honor low

Troubleth the folk and land;

So man with trusty hand

Shall right and justice save.

Therefore shouldst thou be brave

And gladly for thy land

In honor take thy stand.

Give thou thy body's blood,

Strength, might, and wealth, and good

Thy fatherland to save,

E'en as the ancients gave."

May peace and plenty wax,

Prays in Nürnberg *Hans Sachs.*

C. W. Brodrick.

The Spectator.

FOR A GRAVE.

Pansies first and violets blue,

While our thought is full of you,

While they name you soft and low,

Lest the heart should overflow.

Roses in a little while,

When we learn again to smile,

When our sorrow finds relief

In the sympathy of grief.

Lilies last in later years,

After time has dried our tears,

Such as brother Lippo paints

In the hands of happy saints.

Rensell Rodd.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY 1905

THOREAU'S UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL

A LITERARY FIND

The intimate reflections of this remarkable man. Copious extracts will appear in several instalments—introduced in January, 1905, by an essay by BRADFORD TORREY, the Editor of the Journal.

THE DIARY OF A RECLUSE

LETTERS TO LITERARY STATESMEN

A brilliant series of anonymous letters, the author of which has obvious reasons for remaining unknown. The public men to whom these letters are addressed will forgive their occasional wickedness in consideration of their wit.

WIT SATIRE WISDOM

BY THE AUTHOR OF DAPHNE

The complete novelette by Miss Sherwood, published in THE ATLANTIC a year ago, stamped her as a writer of the first quality. A longer story from her pen, *The Coming of the Tide*, will follow *Isidro* as the leading serial for 1905.

It is just a love story, with a woman and a man, a few other men and women, a dog, and the sea—all of it exquisitely written, and gleaming with poetry and humor.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE

AN AMERICAN GYPSY

Few Americans have led so varied a life as C. G. Leland, author of the famous "Hans Breitmann Ballads." These biographical papers, by his niece, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, reveal the many-sided character of this remarkable man and narrate his adventures.

POET SCHOLAR AND REVOLU- TIONIST

TYPICAL AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS

Papers replete with humor and philosophy on *The Country Store*, *The Grange*, etc. First-hand Reports of Experiences in the Everyday Life of *A Prison Chaplain*, *A Census Taker*, *A Newspaper Woman*, *A District Attorney*, etc.

EXPERIENCES IN VARIOUS CALLINGS

These are a few of the features arranged for 1905. Political articles and Social Studies of the first importance will appear in each issue, but naturally cannot be definitely announced, as THE ATLANTIC follows the daily life of the country, and cannot foresee events. Important book reviews and literary essays and the Contributors' Club will be continued.

Illustrated prospectus for 1905 sent free on request

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Send four dollars now and receive THE ATLANTIC for 1905, with the October, November, and December issues of 1904 free, or send fifty cents for a three months trial subscription, and remit for 1905 when you are sure you want it.

Mention the Living Age.

35 CENTS A COPY

\$4.00 A YEAR

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., 4 Park Street, BOSTON

OPEN COURT PUBLICATIONS

THE OPEN COURT

Some Articles for December and January

(Yearly at \$1.00. Send for Sample Copy)

IN THE MAGIC CIRCLE. Essays and Experiences of Modern Magic. By Henry R. Evans.

AT THE BATTLE OF NANSHAN HILL. R. Rev. Shaku Soyen, Abbot of Engaku, Kamakura, Japan. (Illustrated.)

EXCAVATIONS AND THE BIBLE. Chauncey Hawkins.

DR. ENNO LITTMANN ON THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

GERMAN LITERATURE. John F. Coar.

"Editor The Open Court and The Monist, My Dear Sir: This day, August 10, completes my 48th year in the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and I shall not allow it to pass without thanking you for THE OPEN COURT, Vol. 18 (No. 8.) It, indeed, is a grand tribute to the Japanese, from its Mikado down to the officers and soldiers of his courageous, valiant armies. With mind, soul, heart, I wish that our Bishops, Presbyters and Deacons were subscribers to and readers of THE OPEN COURT and THE MONIST. Very truly, H. MACKAY, Las Vegas, N. M."

"Dear Dr. Carus: What an inimitable magazine you are printing! I have just read your remarkable August issue. No magazine on earth prints such profound literature. It is food for demi-gods as well as divine men. And the best of it all, to my view, is, that it has the divine stamp. It does not set itself up above the bible and attempt to show how smart 'we men' are by ignoring their Creator, Provider and Preserver! Why cannot our bible readers detect this difference in THE OPEN COURT from the ultra new thought magazine, and so rush to its subscription list? Sincerely, CHARLES HALLOCK, Plainfield, Mass."

KARMA. A story of early Buddhism. By Paul Carus. Illustrated in water colors on Japanese crepe paper by Japanese artists. Price 75 cents, postpaid. (5 copies for \$3.00.) Special Holiday edition.

THE GODS OF THE EGYPTIANS. By A. E. Wallis Budge. A rare and sumptuous work in two handsome royal octavo volumes. Color plates and 131 illustrations. *Specially suitable for Holiday purposes.* Price \$20.00.

MY LITTLE BOOK OF PRAYER. Muriel Strode. A rare combination of all that is good in the old and in the New Thought. The religious spirit of the author is the same as in the traditional religions, yet her prayer is new and original. Printed on fine paper, bound. \$1.00. bds. 50 cents.

THE JAPANESE FLORAL CALENDAR. Ernest W. Clement, M. A. Profusely illustrated. 8vo, bds. Price 50 cents.

THE NAPOLEON MYTH. Henry R. Evans. With introduction by Paul Carus. Illustrated. 8vo, bds. Price 75 cents. (*In preparation.*)

Send for descriptive catalogue and circulars of Holiday books

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY
1322-1328 Wabash Avenue Chicago, Illinois

NOT FOR FARMERS ONLY



is not only

The Leading Journal of Agriculture

and positively

The ONLY Agricultural NEWSpaper

but also

The one weekly devoted to country life which no
suburban resident and no city owner of a
country place can afford to be without

Every department edited by a specialist recognized as a leading
authority in his line

Best Reviews of the Crops
Best Market Reports

Best Accounts of Meetings
Best Everything

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

Two Subscriptions, \$2.50

Five Subscriptions, \$5.50

Four Months' Trial Trip, 50 Cents

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE ON REQUEST

It will pay anybody interested in any way in country life to send for them.

Address the publishers:

LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Albany, N. Y.

The Standard of Excellence In Railway Service

Is established and maintained by the

BOSTON & ALBANY and NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Its train equipment consists of elegant Pullman Parlor Cars, Palatial Drawing Room Sleepers, and Dining Cars with excellent cuisine, which afford the traveler every convenience of a modern hostelry, while the Buffet Smoking and Library Cars with Bathroom and Barber Shop provide him with his accustomed luxuries of club or bachelor apartment.

Trains for the West leave Boston 8.30, 10.15, 10.45 a.m.; 2.00, 3.32, 6.02, 8.00, and 11.35 p.m. For New York City, 9.00 a.m., 12.00 noon, 4.00 p.m., and 11.15 p.m.

For tickets and reservations, 'Phone Main 1611, or call at,

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 366 Washington Street,
R. M. HARRIS, Pass. Agent. A. S. HANSON, G. P. A.

A New Help for English Classes

OUTLINE STUDIES IN COLLEGE ENGLISH

By MAUD ELMA KINGSLEY

One teacher writes: "This series is a perfect gold mine for the English teacher."

Able, clear, scholarly, comprehensive, suggestive. These Outlines are the result of years of study by a teacher with a real talent for literature.

"I am well pleased with the plan of the series, which seems to have been carried out in a satisfactory way. These books would, if introduced into a class, doubtless save much unnecessary drudgery on the part of both teachers and pupils, and thus leave more time to the real study of literature."

J. MONTGOMERY GAMBRILL,

Assistant State Supt. Public Education, Baltimore, Md.

"Your Outline Series is admirable. It will supply many teachers with the necessary methods, and suggest the insight that a critical study demands. It ought to be most helpful to all students and teachers of preparatory English."

JOHN ERSKINE, *Instructor in English, Amherst College.*

Twenty-two Studies suitable for schools, colleges, literary and women's clubs, or private readers. 15 cents each. Send 15 cents for a sample Outline.

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Silas Marner | 8 Carlyle's Essay on Burns | 15 Burke's Speech on Conciliation |
| 2 Sir Roger de Coverley Papers | 9 The Princess | 16 Macaulay's Essay on Milton |
| 3 Julius Caesar | 10 The Vision of Sir Launfal | 17 Macaulay's Essay on Addison |
| 4 The Merchant of Venice | 11 Macbeth | 18 Macaulay's Life of Johnson |
| 5 The Vicar of Wakefield | 12 L'Allegro and Il Penseroso | 19 Irving's Life of Goldsmith |
| 6 The Ancient Mariner | 13 Comus | 20 Lady of the Lake |
| 7 Ivanhoe | 14 Lycidas | 21 Idylls of the King |
| | 22 Connecting Links for the College English | |

THE PALMER COMPANY :: PUBLISHERS
50 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

